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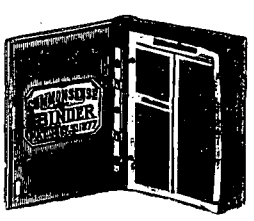

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# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910.

## The Week.

A far-reaching investigation into legislative corruption at Albany has been forced by the exposures first published in the *Evening Post*. Already the matter has gone beyond the trial of Senator Allds, which is still pending, and a resolution is before the Legislature for a joint committee to inquire into "any fund or funds . . . for the purpose of corruptly or otherwise influencing the action of the members of the Legislature upon *any* subject during the year in question, or in *prior* or *succeeding* years." The scope of the investigation is to be further enlarged by a direction to ascertain "whether any such funds *now* exist, or have been *recently* contributed or employed for any such purpose."

Plainly, New York is on the eve of a breaking up of the great deep of public corruption. We are going to get much new light upon the sinister influences which have so often thwarted the will of the people, and made representative government at Albany a farce. Upon the subject of legislation as a matter of barter on the part of political committees and party bosses as well as individual Assemblymen and Senators, we shall have a great deal of fresh material. It is objected, we know, that the inquiry will be futile, in the sense that no criminals will be brought to justice. Some who are implicated may be saved by the statute of limitations, while others who are morally proven guilty it may not be possible to convict in the courts. But this is, after all, only a small part of it. The people can sit in judgment as well as judges. They will mark the evidence as it comes out, and will visit a swift and inexorable punishment upon those whom it involves. If the investigation is as honest and thorough as is now promised, and as it ought to be, many a New York statesman will retire to private life, many a party manager will disappear. Yet if the disclosure of the truth ruins reputations and shows corruption clinging in unsuspected places, so that the people drive this worst kind of treason from public life, who shall say that the judgment is not true and righteous altogether?

It is not surprising that Congress is represented as experiencing a feeling of great relief in consequence of the announcement that the President's legislative programme for the present session is cut down to four bills. With the long extra session behind them, and the Congressional elections before them, Congressmen have naturally not been happy at a prospect which made a session going far into the summer look like a possibility. The four measures on which it is stated that the Administration will insist are a revision of the interstate commerce laws, an act relating to the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood, an act to regulate the issue of injunctions by Federal courts, and an act to give the President definite and adequate power for the withdrawal of public lands for entry for purposes indicated by the public interest. The principle involved in the last-named proposal is clear and simple. It is not proposed to bestow upon the President any arbitrary power or to permit him to make irrevocable decisions; but merely that it shall be within his absolute discretion to order withdrawals whenever, in his judgment, the public interest requires it, and that such order shall stand until rescinded either by his own action or by the action of Congress. It is only in this way that the public domain can be effectively safeguarded.

It appears that the publicity feature of the Federal corporation tax is to be eliminated automatically. This is the part of the law which has provoked greatest protest, and bills are pending in Congress to repeal that clause of the act which provides for making a public record of the returns of the various corporations. But now it comes out that there is a legal and administrative snag in the way of the execution of that clause. Congress voted $100,000 for the expenses of collecting the corporation tax, but forgot that an old statute of 1882 forbids the paying of money to employees in the District of Columbia without express authorization. So the Secretary of the Treasury is at a standstill as regards making public the records of the corporation tax. Congress might still clothe him with power, but is not at all likely to do so, especially with the Constitutionality of the whole law challenged and soon to be passed upon by the Supreme Court. President Taft's letter to Mr. MacVeagh does indeed suggest that the Secretary might go to the House and ask a specific appropriation of $50,000, but it is clear that the Administration will not be heart-broken if the House refuses.

Philadelphia is once more plunged into a condition of uncivilized warfare. Since the violences of Chicago's famous teamster strike, Philadelphia has held the proud record of being our only city of the first rank in which relations between a great public service corporation and its employees are those of chronic enmity, varied by periodical recurrences to riot, arson, and assault. If the latest strike of the street railway workers has come unexpectedly, it is not for want of repeated warnings to which the powers that rule in the city of brotherly love have given little heed. It is asserted by the employees that they have been forced into the strike by the deliberate policy of the traction company. The agreement concluded last year between the company and its men expires on the first day of June. In the course of negotiations looking towards a renewal of the agreement, so the representatives of the union maintain, the company officials have not only refused to meet the men half-way, but have done their best to bring on trouble. This, it is said, they have done by organizing a rival to the Amalgamated Union, under the name of the United Carmen's Association, and by discharging without cause prominent members of the former union. Last October, and again at Christmas-time, and again about a month ago, the men maintain, the company did its utmost to force a strike. It has succeeded at last. The present strike was brought about by the discharge of nearly 200 union conductors and motormen last Saturday "for the good of the service." This, the union men contend, was virtually a lockout. To such direct and specific charges

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the company has not yet made a clear and convincing reply.

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In all conflicts between a great corporation and its employees, we have come to insist that some regard shall be paid to the rights of the public. In Philadelphia it is not merely a question of the public's right not to have its business life paralyzed, but actually a question of the public's right not to be maimed and killed by the policeman's revolver or the rioter's club. At the same time we feel that the people of Philadelphia, in the present crisis, are not altogether guiltless. If they have rights in the matter they have also duties, and these they have sadly neglected. For the situation would clearly seem to be that a very large section of the people of Philadelphia are in sympathy with the strikers' demands. Else we cannot understand the systematic wrecking and burning of cars, carried on with the precision of a sappers' and miners' brigade. Last year the people's sympathies were almost wholly on the side of the strikers. The unholy alliance between the traction company and the powers that rule the city was brought into the light of day. It was made apparent that the men had been driven to strike because a corporation that had watered its stock to buy the politicians could not afford to pay a decent wage. But if the sympathies of the people of Philadelphia do incline so strongly to the side of the strikers, why has nothing been done to prevent a repetition of last year's civil warfare? Why has not public sentiment forced some reasonable and permanent form of agreement between the company and its men? Why have the politicians remained in touch with the company's cash-box? The responsibility for riot and murder comes more clearly back to the people of Philadelphia than they may like to think. But the imperative duty of the moment is to restore order and preserve public safety, whatever it may cost.

---

The history of three-cent traction in the city of Cleveland proves completely that the voice of the law is not the only thing that can be drowned in the clash of arms. Let the battle rage long enough and men will forget their original motives and their original positions and the claims of consistency, and, in general, what they have been fighting for or why they have been fighting so long. Last week the people of Cleveland, by the largest majority ever given to a public measure, adopted the Tayler traction plan establishing a three-cent fare on the street cars with a cent charge for transfers. There is to be an eight months' test to determine whether the operating company can earn 6 per cent. on its capital. In any case, four cents is to be the maximum fare. Thus after a campaign of years ending in his defeat at the polls, Tom L. Johnson is in a fair way of seeing his favorite issue brought to a triumph. The Cleveland *Leader* has fought Johnson bitterly. But it says: "Now is the time to make sure of three-cent fares everywhere for nearly a year at the least, and for the future three-cent fare, *or lower*, if such a thing is possible."

---

CAIRO, Ill., February 18.—Thomas Halliday killed and three men wounded was the outcome of an attack on the jail here last night, made by a mob which tried to lynch two negroes who had been arrested for snatching purses from women.

That is what the lynching spirit comes to in a community that takes to it in good earnest. This region about Cairo is doing an incalculable injury to the good name of the whole country by these recurring exhibitions of besotted brutality. Within the country, however, the disgrace attaches to the State of Illinois, and it behooves the decent citizens of that State to awaken to the necessity of putting an end to it. Defending the jail and shooting the rioters is very good as far as it goes, and Sheriff Nellis deserves the commendation of good citizens, the country over, for his unflinching performance of his duty; but to stamp out the evil nothing less than determined prosecution and relentless punishment of lynchers and would-be lynchers will suffice.

---

The Western Union Telegraph Company has done a most rational and excellent thing in determining on the introduction of a "night letter service," in which the cost of telegrams filed before midnight and transmitted at the company's convenience in the course of the night shall be at the same rate for fifty words as day telegrams command for ten words. Just what the success of this plan may be remains to be seen; but it is evidently based on business principles and at the same time calculated to supply a public convenience. With this departure fresh in mind, it ought to be possible for the company's managers to give attention to an obvious desideratum as to the regular telegraph rates, which is as plainly indicated. The regular rates are thoroughly irrational in regard to dispatches of more than ten words. Take the standard case of the thirty-cent dispatch, with two cents for each additional word. Since, in this country, the words of the address and signature are not counted, the ten-word dispatch means the telegraphing of probably twenty words on an average, so that what actually happens is that we pay about one and a half cents a word for a ten-word dispatch, and two cents a word for additional words. On the other hand, if it pays the company to send the ten-word (*i. e.*, really a twenty-word) dispatch at one and a half cents a word, it would certainly pay to send additional words at much less than one cent a word. For it must be remembered that the cost to the company of messenger service is wholly involved in the minimum dispatch, and that the same is true of the time of the operator in answering questions, making change, making the connection, filing, etc. The correct principle for telegrams is an initial charge of a certain amount and an additional charge of so much a word. Thus, instead of the rate of thirty cents for ten words and two cents for additional words, we should have an initial charge of twenty cents, and then a cent a word for any number of words; or perhaps twenty-five cents and half a cent a word.

---

Judge Hand's temporary injunction in favor of the Wright brothers against the French aviator, Louis Paulhan, pending the decision of their suit to establish their patent rights, is sweeping in scope. The ethics of the question are not so easy to decide. It is natural enough for the Wrights to try to reap the full fruits of their long years of labor. At the same time the world cannot help feeling that to create a monopoly in the aeroplane at the present stage of its development is not for the best interests of the public or of the cause which must be so close to the Wrights themselves. Experimentation with air machines must be going on in a thousand corners of the United States, and it would be a pity if any obstacle

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should be put in the way. Even where aviators originate no ideas of their own, they do their part by supplementing and perfecting the ideas of others. Every man who goes up in the air adds something to our comparatively slight knowledge of winds and currents. In any case, it should be possible to make a distinction between the aviator who gives public exhibitions for money and the scientific experimenter.

---

M. Velain, professor of physical geography at the Sorbonne, is said to express the unanimous opinion of French scientists in declaring that unusual rainfall would not alone account for the floods. The clearing of the watersheds of the upper Seine, the Yonne, and the Marne rendered them incapable of holding the water, which was sluiced off into the Seine as if from a steep roof. The general council of the department of the Marne had previously ascribed the flood chiefly to deforestation, and demanded the enactment of laws to check further clearing. The situation is much like our own in the Southern Appalachian region where the baring of steep hillsides has greatly accelerated the run-off and done enormous damage. France has, however, this advantage: the lands from which she has cut away the forests are true agricultural lands, whereas much if not most of the clearing on the higher slopes of the Southern Appalachians has taken place on lands too poor and steep to yield permanent profit under the plough. There is another point of resemblance between our case and that of France. There, too, ill-advised taxation is cited as the reason for which the protective forest was stripped away. The legislation asked in Marne includes reduction of forest taxation and exemption of taxes on planted timber until it is mature enough to market. The forest destruction caused by an unwise system of taxation in the United States has repeatedly been ranked by experts as second only to the appalling destruction caused by fire.

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It did not need Björnstjerne Björnson's recent severe illness to call forth admiring tributes from his fellow-countrymen. He has long been thought of and talked of with enthusiasm by Norwegians. A traveller in Norway gives an account of an incident which took place not long ago at the time of the summer manœuvres of the army. As the soldiers were on their way back to Christiania, their route took them past Björnson's house, and the general in command sent an adjutant ahead to ask if a demonstration by the men would be acceptable. When the troops came up:

> With his family and guests assembled about him on the veranda, the monumental figure stood with bared head to receive the military greeting. As each regiment passed in review below, presenting arms as to their chieftain, there went up a deafening shout of personal salutation from each of the soldiers, who then joined in singing the national hymn, to whose author they were thus offering this spontaneous salute. There was the unique spectacle of a man in private life being accorded a military spontaneous demonstration by the nation's army which a king might envy.

---

Mr. Asquith's position is undoubtedly difficult and even dangerous, and for this he himself is partly responsible. He is now confronted, like many another Prime Minister, with the awkwardness of having to make good in Parliament words uttered on the hustings. In his Albert Hall speech he declared in the roundest way that the Liberal Government would no longer submit to having its measures emasculated by the Lords, and he went on to say that he and his colleagues would refuse to take office without "guarantees" against such a process in the future. The natural inference from this sort of language, and the inference, indeed, which was almost universally drawn from it, was that the King, if necessary, would be asked to create peers. This interpretation Mr. Asquith now repudiates. He truly says that the Constitutional position is not to invoke the royal prerogative except upon some particular bill which the Lords may have rejected after it has passed the Commons. But this seems very cold and lawyer-like after the heated words of campaign orators, and the Prime Minister will inevitably suffer from the reaction of sentiment.

---

A week of rioting and of conflicts between citizens and the police is, to say the least, a startling development for well-disciplined, well-governed Prussia. From the capital the disturbances have spread to Schleswig and the Rhine. Be it that the demonstrations are the result of a carefully laid Socialist plot, or the spontaneous outburst of popular discontent, the implications, so far as the Government is concerned, are serious enough. If the Social-Democrats, with a voting strength of nearly four millions, shall at length decide to adopt sharper tactics than the scrupulously peaceful demonstrations they have hitherto contented themselves with, the chiefs of reaction may find that it will not be so easy to "ride down" one-third of the German nation. In the nature of things, it cannot go on forever that three or four million citizens shall allow themselves to be kept in the state of political impotence to which the masses in Prussia are reduced. It is all very well to speak of the army as the sole and ultimate prop of the throne, but it will be an evil day for Germany if that splendid army in which her pride and hopes so largely centre shall be turned to the purpose of repressing domestic sedition.

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The severe press law enacted by the Viceroy of India in Council and commented upon in these columns at the time was the first piece of important legislation put into being since the reconstitution of the Viceroy's Council, in accordance with Secretary Morley's scheme of reforms. The maximum number of official members is thirty-six, while the number of elective non-official members is thirty-two. This is an enlargement of the former restricted council to the size almost of a little parliament. A parliamentary system, however, it is not. Members of the council may bring forward questions and resolutions, but questions are to be framed in good faith as requests for information and not for an expression of opinion or the solution of an hypothetical problem. Resolutions must not contain "arguments, inferences, ironical expressions or defamatory statements." No questions or resolutions are permitted in the field of foreign relations or on any matter under adjudication in any British court. Extensive discretion is vested in the president of the council, with regard to the manner in which questions shall be presented, debated, and voted upon. Finally, it is prescribed that every resolution shall have effect only as a recommendation to the Governor-General in council, and further, that the president may, for sufficient reasons, dispense with any of the rules of procedure. We understand now why such a moderate organ as the *Hindustan Review* suggests that a good deal granted in the Reforms has been taken away in the Regulations.

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### THE BRIBE-GIVING CORPORATION.

The testimony at Albany on Thursday of last week brought out more sharply than before the part which corporations had played in the corruption of the Legislature. In Senator Conger's description we see the exact process. The bridge companies began by paying small sums to prevent what they regarded as hostile legislation. They bought individual Assemblymen, and also the Republican State Committee, through its chairman, Col. Dunn. But every year the thing had to be done over again. The word got round that the bridge-building law was "a fine thing." Legislative strikers multiplied and became more audacious. By 1905 the demand had mounted to $10,000, whereupon the bridge companies resolved to become virtuous, since bribery was proving so expensive, and would raise no further corruption funds.

Now, various indefinite statements have been made regarding the loss of business which the bridge companies suffered in consequence of the final passage of the bill of which they had bought the suppression year after year. But even conceding the accuracy of the figures, we venture to say that the profits on the lost business would have been less than what it cost, and was threatening to cost, the companies in bribe money. That, of course, was the real reason why they refused longer to be bled. It was not a spasm of virtue which seized them: it was simply a pain in their purse. They found that they had been fools to bribe at all, and that they should be bigger fools if they kept on. And this is precisely the point which experience has repeatedly established in all this history of "strike" bills and corporations. It is actually cheaper to make an open fight than to enter upon a course of secret payments. We believe that this could be demonstrated in the case of any corporation that has ever been dishonestly attacked by blackmailing legislation or denied rights to which it is entitled both legally and in the public interest. For less money than is spent in wicked surrender, an honorable victory could be won.

The clearest illustration of this which we have had in recent years is the attitude of the Pennsylvania Railroad in regard to securing franchises for its new terminal in New York city. The matter was held up in the Board of Aldermen, and the intimation was almost publicly given that the Pennsylvania would have to bribe its way through. But it refused to pay a cent, made a public fight against the Aldermen, and finally succeeded in getting the power to grant franchises taken away from them entirely. The cost to the company in the way of necessary and lawful expenses, but more through delay in beginning to secure a return on its investment, was undoubtedly heavy. Yet it was indubitably less than would have been involved in letting every blackmailer thrust his dirty hands into its treasury, and the officials of the road had also the satisfaction of knowing that they had saved their honor.

In line with this is the statement of the manager of a large public-service corporation who is quoted in the Binghamton *Republican* as saying, three years ago: "It is getting so that it costs so much to buy off legislators that it is difficult for a company like ours to continue in business." That fact was advanced as a reason for assenting to Gov. Hughes's plan of a Public Service Commission. However distasteful that system of State control, it would at least give a certain protection against "strike" bills. But the chief point is that this man had found out that the process of submitting to blackmail was ruinously expensive. It is cheaper to fight than to pay. That ought to be posted up as a motto, in red letters, in the directors' room of every large—and honest—corporation.

It will be said, however, and said with perfect truth, that bribe-giving corporations not only resist unjust attacks but go out to purchase privileges to which they have no title. Here the question of economy has to give way to that of honesty. In the same issue of the Binghamton *Republican* from which we quoted above, we find a telephone manager giving the true explanation why the telegraph and telephone companies had not been put under the Public Service Commission. It was "less than ten days ago" that he made the reply, when told that his concerns would be brought under the law this winter: "Don't you believe it. We've got too much money to spend for them to get us under that law as easily as you may think."

This is the most hideous aspect of the whole matter. That we should have conscienceless and corrupt legislators is bad enough, but what are we to think of the eminently respectable men, leaders in society, pillars in the church, who through the corporations which they control fatten upon legislative corruption while they intensify it? That is the thing which must never be lost sight of in all this wretched Allds scandal, and in what may follow. Bribery requires the scoundrel who pays as well as the scoundrel who receives. Corruption means the conspiring of thieves outside the Legislature with those inside. And in our indignation at the detected and ruined betrayers of a public trust, let us not forget to reserve a double portion of wrath for the even more guilty corporation managers who ought also to be detected and ruined. It may be that the criminal law cannot reach them, but public contempt and personal odium can be made to fall upon them in overwhelming volume. And we can but hope that the searching of the dark corners of the Capitol at Albany will produce in the offices of corporations, too, a shivering dread of exposure; and that the more wholesome atmosphere which is certain to follow in the political world may also invade the world of corporate management, where it is fully as necessary if bribery is really to be punished and stamped out.

### THE INDIAN WAREHOUSES.

We may expect a war in Congress over the proposed abolition of the warehouses for Indian supplies. Five such establishments are now maintained under a law which prescribes not only their number but their places. Under the last Administration steps were taken looking to their abandonment. Their personnel, including superintendents, was put in the classified service; their clerical force was reduced to the minimum; outside purchases were oftener made, and other features eliminated which had placed the control of the warehouses in the schedule of political spoils. Further efforts were blocked by a combination between members of Congress who realized that the closing of any one warehouse would soon demonstrate the uselessness of all.

They were originally established as convenient points for the delivery of the hardware, clothing, dry goods, foodstuffs, drugs, furniture, and the like, which the Government buys under contract for the equipment of the Indian

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agencies and schools and for distribution among the Indians. The assembling of the goods made possible their inspection in bulk before shipment, but the social and commercial changes which have come over the frontier West have tended steadily to diminish the importance of this plan. The farming country has filled with settlers who have had their own needs to supply, and as a consequence there have sprung up thrifty villages and towns where all sorts of goods can be bought at short notice and transported to the agencies and schools by a wagon haul no longer than that required to bring in freight from the railway. Meanwhile, one after another of the old treaties has expired, under which the Government had bound itself to furnish the Indians annually with certain necessaries; and the gratuities in food and clothing and farming utensils which in early days it was the custom to give to the most backward tribes have year by year become less in amount and more limited in area of distribution. To-day the schools are substantially the only recipients of gratuities; and the one excuse for continuing the purchase of supplies for adult Indians is that they may be encouraged to self-support by the privilege of buying tools, machinery, and a few other things from the official commissary at cost price.

In his annual report for 1909, the Secretary of the Interior urged the discontinuing of all five warehouses as soon as practicable; the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is a little less radical, expressing the opinion that only one is needed. Both officers regard the existing system as unjustifiably cumbersome and expensive. This does not mean that purchases for the Indian Service are to cease, or that retail prices are to be paid to local dealers, but only that, instead of awarding contracts for the delivery of about two million dollars' worth of merchandise at warehouses from five hundred to three thousand miles distant and paying the additional cost of transportation, the Government will authorize its field representatives to call for bids from the nearest and most convenient market. For all the heavier wares, like agricultural machinery, the manufacturers now maintain local agencies all over the West, and as favorable terms can be got as from the factories direct. A standard binder which costs, bought in Chicago and shipped to Harlem, Mont., $138.65, can be bought through competitive bids in Harlem for $116. Sisal binding twine shows a difference of $1.24 a hundredweight in favor of the local as against the distant market, and a yet larger saving can be made on stirring ploughs. These items illustrate the general rule that a decided economy may be effected by local buying in certain lines of merchandise.

Of course, it would be impossible to apply to such piecemeal purchases the same wholesale system of inspection as is now employed. The inspecting would have to be done by the Government officer in charge of each agency or school. This, however, is in the long run about as satisfactory as the old method, and in some respects an improvement; for the man on the spot, who has to handle the utensils, dispense the medicines, or prepare and give out the food, can hardly fail to know best what is suited to the special needs of his field.

The fight in Congress to prevent the abolition of the warehouses will draw its main inspiration from the unwillingness of members interested in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, or San Francisco to let go of anything governmental which is now planted in those cities. The consideration of administrative economy will not appeal to them half so strongly as the need to explain to their constituents next autumn how it all happened. Whether the Administration carries its point will depend, therefore, on how seriously the lawmakers concerned take their own repeated declarations in favor of cutting unnecessary public expenditures to the quick. The saving involved in the change has been variously estimated at from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year. It will probably be nearer the higher than the lower figure; for a system of this sort includes a multitude of incidentals which, though too petty to enter into a detailed estimate, go to swell the total cost.

For the citizen whose chief interest in Indian affairs is on the human side the contemplated reform will mark another forward step in the process of unification which offers the one practical solution of the Indian question. The tortuous road which the Government has trod is strewn with the wreckage of artificial devices for civilizing the Indian, as if the problem had been one in mechanics or physics instead of in human flesh and blood and brain. These failures have tended to fix more firmly in men's minds the idea of the segregation of the Indian as one apart, and destined to remain apart, from the main body of our population. The extinction of all visible monuments of that long-persistent theory would follow logically the establishment of his freedom to become a citizen, to own land and other property in his individual right, to trade with whom he pleases, and to go and come at will. Doubtless the Great Father at Washington will long act in some respects as his guardian and be a voluntary purveyor to his needs, though not on just the same terms as of yore; but as reminders of his period of helplessness, it will be better for his self-respect that the warehouses should be wiped off the map.

## *AN ECONOMIST TO THE RESCUE.*

In the whirlwind of talk evoked by the high-price cry, it would be well for all of us to clear our minds of cant. But the injunction applies with especial force to the political economist. From him, if any one, is to be expected a firm resolve to keep his mind clear in the midst of the hubbub, and, if he can do nothing to explain or illuminate the situation, he should at least not add to the confusion by irrelevant discussion or by misty imaginings.

Such, however, does not seem to be the conception of Dr. Simon N. Patten, professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania. His contribution, in the current *Independent*, to a series of articles on the increased cost of living is a paper entitled "The Crisis in American Home Life." Some of his opinions on fundamental questions pertaining to home and society are sound enough, and, taken in themselves, would call for praise, not censure; but to empty his farrago of notions about a score of matters—matters of morality, matters of fact, matters of taste, and what not—in an ill-assorted jumble of uncritical dicta, and pretend that it has any real relation to the present condition of prices, is to discredit, as far as in him lies, the profession that he represents. It is no defence against this accusation to assert that the general charges

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made by Professor Patten against the existing condition of society—some or all of them—are true. That the demand of the middle classes for comforts and luxuries is constantly increasing; that the servant question is becoming more and more difficult to deal with; that the hold of religion on the lives of the people has relaxed—these and kindred things it required no political economist to tell us. Nor are they new phenomena; and yet in not a single place in Professor Patten's article does he indicate that all these tendencies have been in full force for at least a generation, whereas the complaint of high prices is only a few years old. Even in the wayfaring man it would show discreditable carelessness to overlook the fact that it is hardly a dozen years since the great cry of the economic wailers, the world over, was for the abnormal lowness of prices; in an economist such want of thought is disgraceful.

Professor Patten commands a forcible style, and no one can deny to him freshness of thought. His originality is, indeed, his undoing; one can hardly, perhaps, apply to a man with whom great new ideas spring up spontaneous every morning in the year such standards of responsibility as are binding on more matter-of-fact people. The assurance, however, with which he dismisses the views of sober economists, and the confidence with which he "hopes to show" that his own succeed where all others fail, are a little less easy to excuse. Whether he is justified in this estimate of the value of his own lucubrations as compared with the results of the thought of the rest of the world, we cannot attempt to indicate by a detailed examination of his article; but some specimen bricks may enable our readers to judge for themselves.

Two little examples may suffice: one serving to illustrate Professor Patten's irresponsible handling of facts, the other his general laxity of thought. Speaking of Philadelphia, he has this to say of "the salaried class and the small proprietors whose incomes range from $1,000 to $3,000"—of this class as a whole, be it understood:

> They have suffered not only from the rapid rise in the cost of living, but also in many cases from an actual decrease in income. Years ago they were the well-housed class of whom the city was justly proud. The rows of three-story houses in the older part of the city attest to how they lived, and as to what was their standard. To-day these three-story houses are largely boarding or apartment houses, and the families who formerly lived in comfort, having sold or stored their household goods and treasures, live in single rooms of their former houses.

No indication is given of any investigation upon which this astonishing statement is based. Again:

> A fourth cause for the present crisis lies in the new status of women. Forty years ago a man could live comfortably on $1,000 a year. Under the magic of the wife's hand this $1,000 became $1,500 or $2,000. The wife created more value by industry in the home than her husband did out of it. In her hands cloth became clothes, flour bread, and fresh fruits the winter's preserves. Now all things are done outside the home and must be purchased with the $1,000 income.

The scientific accuracy of this estimate of the value of the wife's magic saving—in dollars and cents, we mean, of course—is somewhat open to question; but waiving that, what has "forty years ago" to do with the question? The thing to be explained is the rise of prices since 1898; just before that time they were lower than they were "forty years ago." But that makes no difference to a sociological economist running amuck.

In larger matters, there is the same looseness of treatment. The broadest theses are laid down as to stoppage in the growth of capital, stoppage of saving among the middle classes, and other large subjects, without the least indication of proof; the position of John Stuart Mill on the question of capital and population is stated with crude inaccuracy, and, even as so stated, is refuted only by assuming that to be an established fact which is in reality but the offhand conclusion of Mr. Patten himself in regard to the cessation of saving. Take it all in all, the article, as related to the discussion of the high-price question, has only one merit; it should serve as a warning of the depths to which a man of ability may descend if, in a matter demanding cool and responsible analysis, instead of following the light of reason and respecting the canons of scientific thinking, he is bent only on pursuing his own crotchets and exploiting his own nostrums. That Mr. Patten's views on various matters concerning social arrangements and their betterment have merit, we do not deny; but to see the phenomena of a five-year-old era of high prices in the light of his all-embracing notions of social improvement is only to darken counsel.

## *THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.*

Kinglake once took a fling at "the qualifying words which correct the imprudences and derange the grammatical structure of a Queen's speech." In the King's speech of Monday, however, the ordinary vaguenesses and ambiguities would have been sadly out of place. The Parliament which now begins its work meets under conditions that demand a simple and direct announcement of the legislative programme. It is not the case of a new Government coming into power, with extensive schemes of law-making to sketch out. The former Prime Minister returns, after a political crisis and an electoral struggle, with his Cabinet virtually unchanged, and with a very definite labor immediately at hand. Finance is the first and pressing question before the new Parliament, and we have only to think of the very passion of Englishmen for orderly and well-settled governmental finance to understand what a driving force Mr. Asquith has behind him when he appeals for the speedy enactment of the nation's tax laws. With little more than a month remaining before the expiration of the fiscal year, the collection of taxes has not yet been validated by Parliament, Treasury borrowings in vast sums have to be provided for, and the whole financial system of the country saved from falling into chaos. Now, Englishmen may occasionally show tolerance for chaotic conditions in other affairs of government, but they want to think of the year's budget as something fixed and certain. What they have to pay, what the government can spend, what is the exact condition of the national Exchequer—if the Briton is at sea in regard to these things, he feels that he has lost both headlands and compass. It is this deeply rooted instinct for the good order and dignity of British finance which Mr. Asquith can securely count upon as an aid to him in making the nation's books balance.

Before the powerful pressure along this line it is virtually certain that all merely party considerations will be forced to give way. There has been a good deal of talk among Mr. Asquith's Labor and Irish allies of refusing to vote for the budget unless he shall first stand and deliver pledges concerning subsequent legislation, of the kind that they desire. In the House, Mr. Redmond made threats. But the budget sim-

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ply must be passed at an early date. This is so strongly felt to be the first inevitable duty of Parliament that Conservative votes are even confidently predicted in support of Mr. Asquith, if needed. But there is no good reason to suppose that they will be needed. The Irish leader has to do a certain amount of loud talking in order to keep his followers up to concert pitch, and to make head against the little mutiny in his own ranks, but it is inconceivable that either he or the Labor members should be found trying to upset the Government in haste.

Indeed, that part of the King's speech which refers to the House of Lords marks out a line of procedure on which it should be easy for all parties to the coalition to agree. As soon as may be, Parliament is to take steps to secure to the Commons undivided and undisputed control of all financial measures, and in general legislation "predominance." This looks to the absolute doing away of the Lords' veto on finance bills, and to a serious modification both of the personnel and the functions of the upper chamber. For the fight to bring about those reforms, both the Irish and the Labor party would seem bound to enlist. If they bolt, they hurt themselves first. The legislation which they desire can be brought within sight of attainment only by first battering down the obstacles which the previous claims of the Lords have presented in almost insuperable form. Time enough to talk about another appeal to the country after this great struggle has been fought through in the Commons.

One serious difficulty in the present situation of the English political world is that neither side to the controversy, not one of the four political parties, has really a statesman of the first-class. There is no one to appeal to the democratic ideals of the people as could Gladstone; no Conservative with the hold upon his party and the authority with the nation which Lord Salisbury had; and the Irish have no Parnell. If the world is, as Napoleon said, governed by the imagination, it must seem a pity that at this juncture there is no great English orator, no inspired political leader, to fuse differing opinions in the glow and fire of his genius, and to work out a solution of the problem amid the acclaim and with the support of the large body of his countrymen.

## *LOSING OUR STANDARDS.*

Hard on the heels of the stir created by the placing of Gen. Lee's statue in Statuary Hall at Washington comes the news of a brisk discussion at Harvard of the desirability of recording in Memorial Hall the names of the graduates of Harvard who served in the Confederate army. It was the genial Harvard *Bulletin* which made this suggestion as a result of some glowing eulogies of Harvard soldiers in the civil war, and apropos of the invitation to Major B. M. Harrod of the Confederate army to address the undergraduates on Memorial Day in Memorial Hall. There was a prompt protest from Col. Norwood P. Hallowell of Boston, a gallant officer of one of the Massachusetts colored regiments. Memorial Hall, he averred, was erected in honor of the men who died for freedom, not for slavery, and to preserve the Union. Any recognition of the gallantry of the Harvard men who went South ought, he thought, to be made elsewhere. To Col. Hallowell, it would be a sacrilege to put into Memorial Hall the names of the Harvard men who fought for an unrighteous cause and sought to destroy the government.

This has, of course, led to the charge that Col. Hallowell has waved the "bloody shirt"; that he is as much an anachronism in Boston as Senator Heyburn of Idaho is in the Senate. In the *Bulletin* the battle wages merrily. Into it we do not care to enter save to say that if Harvard wishes to honor her Confederate dead she may properly do so, but not in Memorial Hall. The funds for erecting this building were raised for the distinct purpose of honoring the soldiers of the Union. To that, it was solemnly dedicated. To state this uncontested fact is neither to harbor old antagonisms nor to wave the "bloody shirt." Beyond this one comment on the Cambridge situation we do wish, however, to point out that the Lee and Harvard episodes are merely symptoms of a kind of intellectual haziness altogether too prevalent. In this era of good feeling we are not only ready to kiss and make up with former enemies, but we actually seem to be taking the position that there really never were any points of difference between the North and South, no question of right or wrong, no question of human liberty or serfdom. At most, some academic Constitutional questions were settled by the terrible loss of life in the war between the States!

Nor is it in the matter of the civil war only that we seem to have lost every standard of judgment. We meet the same lack of clear-cut thought in many a contemporary political matter. There is a successful order of journalism in which everything is for the best. Honest indignation at any wrong, or in behalf of any principle, is strictly bad form. The other fellows have their good points. Is there a miscarriage of justice? Then remember that there were miscarriages of justice in the Holy Land. Does a President abuse his appointing power? Well, so have all his predecessors. Why should we worry about that? Are upheavals threatening? Well, be sure that somehow all will be for the best. Whoever wins in any election or on any issue, it marks a triumph for optimism. The best policy is not to ruffle anybody's feelings.

At the hands of this school all history becomes foggy. In our admiration for the bravery of the men who fought on both sides in any contest we readily forget what it was all about. Cervera was a brave man; so was Sampson. The issue behind the struggle disappears. Who cares? A monument to Weyler may yet be proposed for the Battery. Jefferson Davis should have one in Central Park. As for the Mexican War, we should be glad to glorify it, did not the words of Ulysses S. Grant and of other outraged participants forbid. So we slur it all over or forget about it. We are rapidly getting to that point in regard to the Philippines. Who cares to inquire if there is any principle behind our occupation of that archipelago, any question of morality, of right or wrong? Probably fifty years hence some editors will be solemnly affirming that we took their country from the Filipinos because it was necessary for the Supreme Court to show that we had the right to hold subject colonies.

In the face of all this, one is tempted to ask of what use are standards of any kind. Why seek to have any, either private or public, if in a few years they will all dissolve in a flux of good feeling? If there ever was a war fought on behalf of democracy, of individual liberty, of substantial Christianity, it was the American civil war. Both sides cannot have been right; nor is it true that both were ready to spill blood

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merely because of a Constitutional question. To insist now that there was no difference in the ideals and purposes of the two forces of 1861 is to reduce history to the plane of the moving-picture shows, to make light of the greatest sacrifices ever offered in this or any country for principle and patriotism. It is to decry the men who saved the Union if we declare that there was only a chance difference between their views and those of their opponents, or to assert that time has wiped out all the principles for which Lincoln and his followers stood. To take such a position is to say that there is nothing steady in our political firmament, that there are no fixed stars of morality by which human beings must steer.

## *POETRY AND COUNTRY LIFE.*

The London *Times* has been giving a great deal of attention to the question in just what degree, and in just what sense, and with just what limitations, poets have "preferred and lived, of free choice, the simple country life." In the first place, the *Times* ventured to suggest that Wordsworth was the only poet who had done so. Then Mr. Alfred Austin, evidently regarding this as an aspersion upon his brotherhood, came forward with an indignant protest. His excited state of mind is shown by the circular character of his argument:

> One could fill a whole page of the *Times* with quotations giving conclusive evidence of Shakespeare's monomania, if you like, for the simple country life. Even in "Measure for Measure," what says the Duke?
>
> For I have ever loved the life removed,
>
> a line in which one seems to hear Shakespeare himself speaking.

One seems to hear! Exactly; but, of course, one does not "seem to hear" Shakespeare himself speaking unless one starts out with the idea that this was a proper sentiment for Shakespeare to have. In like manner we could testify to Shakespeare's monomania for complicated court life, his monomania for war, his monomania for peace, his monomania for eating and drinking and fasting, and so on *ad infinitum*. The *Times* kindly refrains from pressing this point, but answers Mr. Alfred Austin with a column dissertation on poets and their ways, maintaining, on evidence external and internal, that, except for Wordsworth, even those poets who have derived their chief inspiration from nature have not cared to live the simple country life.

This seems to us true enough. Poets in general have chosen Nature as a priestess, but not as a companion. And indeed, the appeal of poets to mankind at large is greatly dependent on this fact. They are constantly giving voice to the love of the country, but it is the townsman's love, not the countryman's. And it is the townsman who longs to find expression for his feeling. The countryman's love of the country is something so ingrained, so elemental, that it cannot be analyzed or written about. But the city man is constantly talking about the country in more or less rapturous language. He calls it nowadays, "God's out-of-doors"; can we wonder that he is glad when a poet enables him to dispense with that phrase? The poet, then, expresses his own feeling about the matter, which is merely that of the ordinary man, but raised to a higher power. He feels, like most of us who live in cities, that the simple country life is a very lovely thing to hark back to, that the thoughts of it, the memories of it, whether drawn from one's own experience or from that of one's parents or friends, have a great power to sweeten, to purify, to recreate, our complex city life. He may even think that a simple country life is in itself the most desirable kind of life; but he feels that the choice is no longer open to him. He may live in the country; but when once he has thoroughly belonged to the town, he cannot again lead the simple country life; for the deliberate pursuit of simplicity is one of the last refinements of the complex.

A more serious question, however, is confronting our modern world. How much longer will poets, how much longer will mankind, have any "simple country life" to fall back upon? One cannot live on memories of an indefinite antiquity, and the simple country life is already little more than a memory. The chief difference between the country and the city at present seems to be that the country has a lower grade of the same things. A small village has come to be very much like a large city with the best parts left out. Take its amusements, for example. It has not the theatre, but it has the moving-picture show; it has not the opera, but it has the phonograph; it has not books, but it has the Sunday supplement—and lives on it all the rest of the week.

The city, too, is doing its share to blunt the fine point of the contrast. It does not import the baser elements of the country, perhaps because it can't, but it does what is worse. It takes the most delicate things it can find and cheapens them by affixing high prices. It takes the flowers of the fields and the fruits of the trees and uses them as mere adjuncts of its own flaunting luxury—mere evidences of "conspicuous waste." Worst of all, it robs the seasons of their sentiment. How can a poet, or any one else, dissociate the thought of spring, when spring finally comes, from the picture of those poor little far-sought daffodils and tulips and strawberries that he has seen in the shop-windows in this chill February weather? The best he can do is to protest against the anomaly, as does Mrs. Gilman in her newly launched organ of protest, the *Forerunner*—

> I hear, in raw, unwelcome dawns
> The sordid sparrows sing,
> And in the florist's windows watch
> The forced and purchased spring.

## NOTES ON GERMAN BOOKS.

There is no lack of books about America and Americans on the German book market, but none more sane and impartial in spirit than Ludwig Brinkmann's volume of essays and sketches, called "Eroberer," which is just published by Rütten & Loening of Frankfurt. The initial chapter of this remarkable book begins significantly with the question: "Has America been really discovered?" For whatever is known of a country is to the author of little value so long as its spiritual content has not been grasped. His own attitude is so modest as to command respect; he claims no merit for his papers except the earnest desire to show his readers what he himself has long known: "that there is a new land of which we know nothing, a world that we have yet to discover." He begins his reminiscences of American travel with Concord, which he calls the cradle of an iron race of conquerors; he is convinced that though the people now care little for philosophical musings and æsthetic triflings, the time will come when they will remember their true home and long from the clamor of combat for its classical quiet. Still it is the new America that impresses him most profoundly; of all the pictures that he has seen in the art galleries of the country a painting of Broad Street, New York, has struck him most forcibly: he sees in the skyscrapers the massive expression of an upward will and is ashamed to think

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that his compatriots here and abroad belittle these attempts of a new race to create a style reflecting its character and responding to the requirements of its material life. Guarding like a fortress the entrance to the new world, New York is to him full of beauty, for "beauty is the lovely daughter of power." A year later, when he sees the new San Francisco rising upon the débris of the old, he is again struck with the expression of power in American architecture. The work of reconstruction reminds him of ants forever building and rebuilding their cities. "They must build, for that is their nature." So the American people must work, because it is their nature.

To the discerning eye of this critic, the story of the drowned mine of Cripple Creek illustrates many of the salient features of the people's character: "An American knows no limits; the expanse of his country makes his spirit of enterprise far-sighted; should he consider only the business close at hand, he would fear to spoil his eyes." There is a dramatic account of a solitary walk across the mountains from one mining-town to another, when he meets a wood-cutter, and is shocked by the recklessness with which the devastation of our forests is going on. His record of a visit to Salt Lake City gives an intimate glimpse of the woman's side of Mormonism and leaves no doubt of the author's sympathies. Everywhere Herr Brinkmann seems to gain his impressions first hand. On reaching the plains, he plunges with zest into the life about him, and finds in "Cimarron Jack" a cow-puncher-philosopher who becomes a most interesting interpreter of America and Americans. A son of New England, transplanted by chance into the wilderness and the vastness of the plains and ever after under the spell of the unlimited horizon, the former Platonist demonstrates to him why we cannot be Hellenes and why the Americanism rising upon the ruins of Hellenism is a logical phase in the evolution of humanity. This chapter of campfire talk is teeming with ideas, and the song which Cimarron Jack sings, as he drives his cattle to shelter, whether authentic or an invention of the author, suggests the rugged beauty of the rhythms of Walt Whitman. The home life of an American mine-owner in Mexico gives the author opportunity to compare the drudging, careworn women of his country, driven by the sacred sense of marital or domestic duty, with the pleasure-loving, self-indulgent type of American women represented by Jane Dickinson. It is a pity that in his wanderings across our continent the author does not meet a single American woman belonging to those thousands that work harder, perhaps, than any European woman, but work from a love of work and a love of the freedom earned by that work. This chapter is the only one lacking the freshness and spontaneity which characterize the book as a whole.

As a severe but judicious critic of his nation and his time Karl Scheffler presents himself in the book of essays called "Idealisten" (Berlin: S. Fischer & Co.). Simply and forcibly he limns various types of the German nation. At times he assumes a tone of pessimism, but he ends with reflections on that which is alive; for there are things in the contemporary life of his country which convince him that the much-vaunted idealism of his people is, after all, not dead. He perceives it still seeking realization in the hunger for truth, which manifests itself in religion and social life, in science and art, in literature, and in the divers phases of life itself. He admits that this idealism of truth is analytic rather than synthetic in its results, that it produces Eiffel Towers rather than Gothic cathedrals, that it explains the theory of tone vibrations, but does not create new music, that it tells us exactly what art can and should be, but does not make great artists. Yet the fruit of this passionate search for truth is maturing in a new reading of life. Knowledge of the world may have robbed our heavens of their deities, but to the imagination it has infinitely widened the horizon. In art this search for truth has broken the reign of academicism. He traces the effects of impressionism through all phenomena of life and sees in it not a decadence, but a beginning.

Meyer-Graefe's "Spanische Reise" (S. Fischer & Co.) is a unique book of travel. Whoever expects a carefully arranged and labelled accumulation of facts and impressions will be disappointed, unless the preface has been read, in which the author admits that during his trip he wrote only in the hours for which he had no better use. Thus prepared for his personal and unconventional point of view, you are at once captivated by the charming freshness of these sketches of landscape and people, and profoundly impressed by the excursions into art which is the author's special domain. Meyer-Graefe had evidently started on his journey to Spain and Portugal with the intention of studying Velasquez, but lost sight of his original purpose when he discovered El Greco. This artist, whose foreign descent and erratic development occupied no little space in the art gossip of the reign of Philip II, so forcibly takes hold of his German admirer that he seeks remote nooks and corners of the country for specimens of his work, and ends by seeing Spain through the eyes of Greco. Whether it be due to this subjective point of view, or to the admirable directness of his style, the author certainly makes his readers see Spain not as a decorative historical background, but as a living entity and present reality. No reader is likely to forget the chapter in which, with a whimsical frankness and an undernote of pathos, he tells how his interest suddenly was transferred from Velasquez to Greco. He writes to a friend that a world has crumbled within him. He desires to admire despite himself, but Velasquez can no longer rouse his enthusiasm, nor can even Goya. All this is so gracefully told that the book affords rare enjoyment to the reader untrammelled by preconceived notions of what a book should be which on its title-page is announced as a book of travel and is really a chapter in art history.

No member of that brave and rebellious little flock that Karl Henckell, himself one of them, appropriately called *Gründeutschland*, was better fitted to commemorate the life and work of Detlev von Liliencron than Otto Julius Bierbaum. Nor could the dedication of this book be addressed to one worthier of such distinction than Michael Georg Conrad. For both Liliencron and Conrad, their seniors by a decade or two, retained their youth longer than many of those young men that undertook to revolutionize the literature of their country. Liliencron, Bierbaum, and Conrad stand for the strongest and most vital features that characterize the modern German school; for a wholesome hedonism which offers a corrective for the sentimental bathos of a previous, and the sterile cynicism of their own, period. It seems appropriate, too, that in the volume by Bierbaum, simply called "Liliencron" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), no attempt is made to present a systematically arranged memoir, but that it is compiled from papers written by the biographer in the course of the thirty-one years which elapsed from the time when he reviewed the first poems of Liliencron, until the day in 1909 when he was called to speak at the memorial service in Dresden.

The several papers that make up the book, while they deal with the work and cluster about the personality of the poet, are really a summary of contemporary German poetry. For the very firstlings of his pen, written when he was past thirty, bore evidence of such a rare and ripe individuality, that he at once became a power in the literary life of his generation. "Wherever in German poetry to-day there is life, one can trace the manner of Liliencron. No poet since Heine has had so profound an influence upon his contemporaries, and it is only since the advent of Liliencron that the power of Heine has been finally weakened." Liliencron's influence over his contemporaries was that of a healthy personality and a brave acceptance of life:

> Nietzsche excepted, it was Liliencron who most decisively determined the poetical creation of our time, and his influence will linger. It was not the influence of one who

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had founded a school and from whom this or that could be learned, but something more than that: a sort of transference of power, an influx of courage and of joy. Artists of that stamp have a meaning far beyond the height of their personal art. They are life-givers, they increase the fresh force of the intellectual realm of their nation. For they are those that rouse strength in others.

By presenting so sympathetically limned a portrait of Liliencron and dispelling many mythical stories that have sprung up about his character and conduct, this book deserves a special place in the Liliencron literature which is fairly under way.

It is pathetic to see the book by Frau Ebner-Eschenbach, bearing the title "Altweibersommer" (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). For this slim volume of sketches, tales, and fables offers to her readers the fruits of the aged author's experience—winged seeds that are borne along the autumn wind. The rich knowledge and the genial philosophy of life that made her novels an ethical factor in the fiction of her generation are in these stray leaves from her notebooks; and the language is ever the same, marked by a natural dignity and unstudied grace which are becoming more and more rare in modern German prose. Compared with this book of wisdom, the volume of humorous *causeries* by Otto Ernst, "Vom grüngoldnen Baum" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is of light weight, indeed. It seems as if the author of "Flachsmann als Erzieher" and the creator of Asmus Semper were here amusing himself with clever conceits and whimsical fancies while resting from the serious work of recent years. Yet his admirers will recognize in the book the wholesome spirit of the author and will enjoy the informal chat in which the man behind the author appears as a jolly good fellow.

Ludwig Ganghofer is so sympathetic a figure in German fiction that his "Lebenslauf eines Optimisten" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) will be eagerly welcomed. The book covers the period of childhood and begins with those vague earliest recollections that need a mother's memory to be properly dated. There are charming bits of description; old houses, old streets in quaint old provincial towns pass before one's eyes, and even the optimist cannot suppress a little sigh that they are doomed to make way for things of the new time. But the essential note of the book is the tactful frankness and discretion of the author in handling certain difficult situations and incidents which would have given his ultra-naturalistic brethren an occasion for the manifestation of coarseness parading under the guise of truthfulness.

Among the numerous translations that have recently appeared are three new volumes of Lafcadio Hearn in the exquisite edition of his works, translated by Berta Franzos and illustrated by Emil Orlik, which bears the imprint of Rütten & Loening of Frankfurt. They are "Kwaidan," "Kyushu," and "Buddha." The same firm has just brought out a book by a Danish writer, Jürgen Jürgensen's story of the Congo, "Christian Svarres Kongofahrt," which in its handling of the colonial problem is compared to Multatuli's "Max Havelaar." Among the latest additions to the German edition of George Bernard Shaw are "John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara," like the earlier volumes, translated by Siegfried Trebitsch, who is improving in his work; the publisher is S. Fischer of Berlin. The first of a series of interesting historical novels from the Swedish of Verner von Heidenstam, "Folke Filbyter," is published by Albert Langen of Munich.

A. von Ende.

# Correspondence.

## CONCENTRATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF STUDIES IN THE SMALL COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* recently characterized the new plan adopted at Harvard for concentration and distribution of studies as a radical and thoroughgoing modification of the elective system, one that "means much to thousands of individual young men whose choice of studies it will directly affect." Does not this make the new rules appear to be more severe restrictions on the elective system than they really are? As a matter of fact, only one-seventh of the men who have graduated with honor from the Harvard Law School during the past decade failed to meet the new concentration requirement. In respect to distribution, the courses of these men were elected very much in accord with the newly adopted principles. The electives of former classes, however, have not been sufficiently interpreted and published to permit such generalizations regarding the influence of the new rules as have appeared in numerous publications. In particular we cannot say to what extent the freedom of choice of the "Gold Coast" population will be restricted. From my preliminary studies, covering thousands of complete programmes, I am convinced that not half the men at Harvard will feel the effects of the new rules, except so far as their attention is called to the fact that a majority of the faculty believe in some degrees of concentration and distribution.

There can be no better way to consider the need of a small college for such rules as Harvard has adopted than to examine the actual programmes developed under free election. A study of the entire courses of all the graduates of Bowdoin College of the class of 1909 is therefore profitable. This class of fifty-four members took its entire course under an elective system which, for our present purposes, may be regarded as virtually unrestricted. It is true that a concentration requirement existed. Each student was obliged to complete before graduation either one major and two minor subjects or two major subjects. A major subject was one pursued for three consecutive years. A minor subject was one pursued for two years. A detailed study of all the electives of five classes, however, supplemented by personal inquiry in a hundred cases, revealed the fact that apparently not more than one or two students in any class were limited in their choice by the major and minor rules. Above 90 per cent. of all the students concentrated their work in excess of the prescribed amount. Finally, since every student took more hours in the language and literature group than the rules specified, and since he was at liberty entirely to ignore the other three groups (2. Natural Sciences; 3. History, Political and Social Sciences; 4. Philosophy and Mathematics), we can here discover to what extent the Harvard regulations, had they been operative, would have modified the fifty-four individual programmes, which were, in fact, under no such restrictions.

In the first place, the concentration requirement apparently would have had no calculable effect on the electives of this class. The obligation to choose six courses in one department or in one of the recognized fields for distinction, amounts at Harvard to a requirement of concentration in about 34 per cent. of a student's work. That is to say, each student must take one-third of his work in one department or in closely related departments. For purposes of this study, elementary courses are not counted, but advanced courses in the literatures of cognate languages are regarded as "closely related."

At Bowdoin, without compulsion, all but four of the class chose this degree of concentration. (The student who devoted the smallest proportion of his time to his major group gave 36 per cent. to Natural Sciences and 29 per cent. to Language and Literature.) Three of the four exceptions just noted were students who received honors from the faculty and whose electives would have been approved by any committee instructed "to make exceptions to the rules freely in the case of earnest men."

A significant comparison may be made between the degree of specialization twenty years ago, when the studies were mainly prescribed, and the degree of specialization to-day under free election. Ninety per cent. of the class of 1890 spent only 13 or 14 per cent. on their major subjects. Ninety-seven per cent. of the class of 1909 took above 18 per cent. of their work in their major subjects (not counting closely related subjects). The most highly specialized course under the old régime was more scattered than the most widely distributed course under the elective system. Evidently there was not the slightest ground at Bowdoin for the fear that the new freedom of choice would result in greater scattering of electives.

With reference to the Harvard rules for distribution among the three groups other than the student's major group, the electives of these fifty-four Bowdoin men exhibit the following results:

Four students fell one-half course short of the requirement in natural science.

Four students fell one course short, and one student fell one-half course short of the requirement in history, political and social sciences.

Three students fell one-half course short of the requirement in philosophy and mathematics.

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No student failed to meet the requirement in language and literature.

To satisfy the complicated Harvard rule regarding the distribution of the six courses among the three groups, five students would have been obliged to substitute for a choice in literature a course in one of the other groups. Such are the few scattering cases that would have been slightly affected by the new Harvard rules, had these rules been operative, and had the committee not included these few cases within the excuse limits of their liberal instructions. I may add that each of these students could, in my judgment, have presented adequate reasons for his slight departure from the necessarily arbitrary scheme which its devisers agree should be administered with free allowance for individual needs. Even without such allowance, less than 2 per cent. of the units in the total schedules of this class would have been changed by the Harvard rules.

If, therefore, the total experience of the class just graduated is any criterion by which to judge the future—and no better one is possible—the adoption by Bowdoin of the entire Harvard scheme would have only a negligible effect. Nearly, if not all, that the new plan for compulsory concentration and distribution of studies at Harvard aims to achieve is, in fact, already achieved under the much more restricted curriculum and the virtually unrestricted elective system of a typical small college. WILLIAM T. FOSTER.

Teachers College, Columbia University, February 14.

[The article above criticised had no reference to the particular form that the Harvard rules have taken; it appeared in the *Nation* of December 16, on the occasion of the action of the Overseers in pursuance of which the rules were afterwards adopted. What was welcomed as so important was the recognition by Harvard of the cardinal defects of the elective system as hitherto carried on at that university, and the declared purpose of the contemplated change.—ED. NATION.]

## THE OLD LIBRARIAN'S ALMANACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In examining "The Old Librarian's Almanack" (the first issue in Dana and Kent's The Librarian's Series, printed at Mr. Dana's press in Woodstock, Vt.), several interesting points have come to my attention which are not presented in the brief but serious notices of the work in the *Nation* and elsewhere. The "Almanack" is copyrighted by Mr. E. L. Pearson, who has for several years conducted the "Librarian" column of the Boston *Transcript*. In his preface Mr. Pearson sets forth interesting bibliographical and biographical incidents regarding the Almanack and its composer—the worthy Jared Bean, some century and a half ago, "curator of the Connecticut Society of Antiquarians." These limn for us very neatly the figure of an old-time librarian, a book-lover and bookdelver, reminiscent of that other famous student, Dr. Dry-as-dust; and the characteristics thus outlined stand out more clearly in the pages of the Almanack itself, with their quaint counsels, distichs, maxims, and verses. A little careful investigation into the "references" cited by Mr. Pearson brings further enlightenment. No mention of the sale of an imperfect copy of the Almanack in 1896, as stated by him, is to be found in "Book Prices Current"; "Mrs. Sarah Gilman Bigelow's 'Literary and Genealogical Annals of Connecticut' (N. Y., 1870)," which is the cited authority for the old librarian's biography, has no existence in trade or library catalogues, and is unknown to students of Connecticut genealogy; the Newburyport Antiquarian Society, in which this treasure is said to repose, is unknown among learned societies, and no trace of the valuable collection of the late "Nathaniel Cutter, Esq.," where Mr. Pearson says he "found" the Almanack, is known to collectors or dealers. To the careful reader of the Almanack these curious facts will come, not as a surprise, but as amusing confirmation of the internal evidence of the book itself.

Mr. Pearson, however, is in error in one statement concerning his bibliothecal hero. He states that Jared Bean "died a bachellor." This is a mistake. The old librarian was married clandestinely, and late in life, to a young English woman, who, finding his attitude toward her sex intolerable, left him within a year, and returned with her infant to her native shores. Matilda Bean, the only child of this ill-mated couple, though descending in the social scale, attained maturity and became well known to a later generation as Mrs. Harris, the familiar friend and confidante of that eminent female practitioner, Mrs. Sairey Gamp.

HELEN E. HAINES.

Pasadena, Cal., January 31.

## THE CARNEGIE PENSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to Professor Lovejoy's letter in relation to the service pension of the Carnegie Foundation, printed in the *Nation* of February 3, permit me to say:

The matters noted by Professor Lovejoy were covered in some degree by the following resolution adopted at the same meeting, but apparently not known to him:

It was also on motion, duly made and seconded, resolved that first, the executive committee be instructed to safeguard the interests of the following classes of cases: (a) those who have research work in view and have shown themselves unmistakably fit to pursue it; (b) those whose twenty-five years of service includes service as a college president; and (c) those in whose mind a definite expectation has been created by official action that they will be accorded the benefits of the Foundation within the year 1910; and that, secondly, the executive committee be authorized to formulate regulations in accordance with these instructions.

The retirement of men in good health to pursue their studies unhampered may be regarded as one of the most important functions of the Carnegie Foundation. It seemed, however, financially impossible for the Foundation to meet the demands of an unexpectedly large class of men, professors for twenty-five years, in good health, who have done no important scholarly work in the past, and are planning none for the future. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, Cal., February 11.

## ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. A. T. H. Brown, in your issue of January 27, made the suggestion that St. Paul and Minneapolis should get together and adopt one name. His reason appears to be that the combination would form the seventh largest city in the United States, whereas at present there are two cities ranking sixteenth and twentieth in size. Minnesota now has two "pushing, thriving cities." If they combined, there would be but one. Which is the more desirable, two cities with a combined population of 500,000 persons, or one city with the same half million persons performing the same work, wearing the same clothes, eating the same food, with unchanged ambitions and sentiments? Will the combination produce more enterprising business men, more honest public officials, more beautiful homes, a higher degrees of culture, more brotherly love?

As far as the selfish purposes of the politicians is concerned, it seems to me there would be a greater danger in the combination. St. Anthony, as a combination of St. Paul and Minneapolis, could control State politics. The "country" would then always be in the minority or on the "city" side.

May we not call the spirit that keeps up the two city organizations local pride, rather than selfishness? Is there any harm in the little joke of the man from St. Paul who calls your attention to the fact that the railway companies quote rates only to St. Paul, because nobody wants to come to Minneapolis, anyway? I think we can even forgive the man from Minneapolis for the statement that he is willing to unite the cities under a combined name, calling the sum "Minnehaha," the "Minne" for Minneapolis and the "ha-ha" for St. Paul. E. W. HAUCK.

Sutter, Cal., February 15.

## "THE LAST LEAF."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, "J. M.," who is puzzled by the "mutilation" of "The Last Leaf," apparently has never seen the poet's own explanation of the revision.

Appended to the illustrated edition of "The Last Leaf," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge, 1886, is a history of the poem written by Dr. Holmes and dated Beverly Farms, July 9, 1885, in which appears the following:

The poem as first written had one of those false rhymes which produce a shudder in all educated persons, even in the poems of Keats and others, who ought to have known better than to admit them. The guilty verse ran thus:

> But now he walks the streets
> And he looks at all he meets
> *So forlorn,*
> And he shakes his feeble head
> That it seems as if he said
> "They are gone!"

A little more experience, to say nothing of the sneer of an American critic in an English periodical, showed me that this would never do. Here was what is called a "cockney rhyme"—one in which the sound of the letter *r* is neglected—maltreated as the letter *h* is insulted by the average Briton by leaving it out everywhere except where it should be silent. Such an ill-mated pair as "forlorn" and "gone" could not possibly pass current in good rhyming

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society. But what to do about it was the question. I *must* keep

They are gone!

and I could not think of any rhyme which I could work in satisfactorily. In this perplexity my friend, Mrs. Folsom, wife of that excellent schollar, Mr. Charles Folsom, then and for a long time the unsparing and infallible corrector of the press at Cambridge, suggested the line

Sad and wan,

which I thankfully adopted and have always retained.

JAMES H. PERSHING.

Denver, Col., February 13.

"IT'S ME."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on "It's me" in the *Nation* of February 10 sent me to my notes, where I find a good many examples from literature. The animadversions of your writer on linguistic principles in general are, in the main, sound, but they are irrelevant and inapplicable to the idiom in question. Professor Jesperson is accustomed to look facts of language in the face, and hence records this familiar locution. "It's me" is a fact of language, just as "c'est moi" is, though of quite independent development. That "It's me" is not "an innovation" is shown by its frequent use in Elizabethan literature, and that its use is not confined to "the small boy" or "the radical" is shown by the following illustrations from Emerson, Browning, Tennyson, Shelley, Byron, and Thackeray, to go no further.

In Emerson's "The Adirondacks" he writes: "So like the soul of me! What if 't were me?" Which recalls Shelley's line in his "Ode to the West Wind": "Be thou me, impetuous one!" And in his "Essays" Emerson writes: "I am not one thing and my expenditure another. My expenditure is me."

Other examples are: "How will He know it's me"—Tennyson; "Is it me thou fearest?"—Byron; "'Of course it's me,' answers the young man"—Thackeray; "'Twas me this day last year at Ravenstein You hurried"—Browning.

Nor is this "a question of temperament"; it is simply in accord with the democratic tendency of the language to use the objective after the verb, whatever the kind, just as the tendency is to use the nominative before the verb; as, "Who did you give it to?" "He was denied admittance," "He was given a dinner." Authors make authority, and when the grammar of grammarians stands in the way of an idiom of the people, grammar is going to get run over.

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., February 16.

[If authors make authority, certainly the great weight of authority, from Elizabethan days to the present, is for "It is I." Probably there are few idioms, generally regarded as undesirable and likely to remain so regarded, for which testimony could not be found equal to that for "It's me." "He saw you and I" is common in Elizabethan and later writers, but it is scarcely in the way to become good idiom. Perhaps this letter from a teacher of English explains in part the inability of so many college graduates to write correctly.—ED. NATION.]

# Literature.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A PEOPLE.

*The American People:* A Study in National Psychology. By A. Maurice Low. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.25 net.

The fruit of more than twenty years of residence and nine of study, this attempt to trace the formation of American nationality evidently deserves serious consideration. Mr. Low approaches his subject quite in the spirit of Taine. The human product emerges, he assumes, along a line which is a resultant between the stresses of inner character and outward circumstance. In this first part of a comprehensive study the formative process is followed to the eve of the Revolution. That America has produced a new race is the point of departure: "America is no longer England, or even a reflex of England. America is American; and if the character of the American people is to be understood and their civilization is to be correctly interpreted, they must be measured by their own standards, and not weighed in the scales of foreign make." Just what the American character is Mr. Low's enthusiastic rhetoric indicates only in broad and rather vague lines. We hear of the indomitableness of the democratic spirit, of the fluid condition of our social and public life, of a national vitality still too high to have reached "that stage when imagination makes a greater appeal than action." The sketchiness of the treatment is probably due to the fact that Mr. Low means to build up his picture *a posteriori*.

That the Puritan is at once a much-maligned type and the very heart of American nationality is the main contention of this book. That the Puritan was gloomy, hated the arts specifically, affected sombre colors, was fanatical beyond the wont of the age, Mr. Low brings abundant evidence to disprove. Many of the repressions which have passed for fanatical were directed against overt disorders or immoralities, or otherwise based on sound public policy. The Puritan, who must be carefully distinguished from the milder and relatively ineffectual Pilgrim, was a person of influence and education, a persistent rebel, but also a shrewd man of affairs. In a passion for knowledge he contained the dissolvent of the tyrannical theocracy he aspired to found. Practically our early history is one effort towards education, with intermittent rebellion against the pretensions of the crown, and frequent unopposed secessions of discontented or oppressed sectarians. Boston became another England, pushing off her best into the wilderness. By a sound practical sense, curiously opposed to his theoretic intolerance, the Puritan managed to live at peace with neighbors of liberal views. Thus the Rev. Thomas Hooker's settlement at Hartford managed to set up a real democracy, the harbinger of the liberation to come, between the stern theocrats of Boston and New Haven. Roger Williams's eccentric refuge at Providence Plantations was unmolested, and he, while admitting all innocuous vagaries among his fugitives held them strictly to decent conduct. In a word, the Puritan persecuted no one who was not under his nose or otherwise troublesome, and in this was far in advance of his age. Possibly, Mr. Low here credits too much to character what really was due to inaccessibility. The Bostoners were simply too busy to bother about the remote subversive Hookers and Williamses. But the general truth that the Puritan régime steadily made for self-government and individualism is incontestable. Mr. Low's conclusion is that the Puritan's virtues were largely his own and rapidly intensified by opportunity and necessity, while his faults were merely those of his age.

We cannot follow the details of the argument. It is always ingenious and usually sound. The assertion of the isolation and relative unimportance of the Mayflower compact and the Plymouth Colony will doubtless be unpopular, but we doubt if it can be shaken. Possibly the importance of the Hartford colony is exaggerated, though in view of the marked influence of the Connecticut system upon the constitutions of other colonies and that of the nation one must welcome the prominence given to Hooker's constitution. In dispelling certain discredited but stubborn misconceptions about the Puritans, Mr. Low has done good service. Most people probably still believe that the "sad" color worn by the colonists was funereal in effect. As a matter of fact, it included a wide range of those subdued shades which persons of taste still affect. "Liver colour, tawney, russet, French green, deere colour, orange colour" are called "sadd" in a contemporary list of dyes. Obviously a city thus habited would have presented no monotonous aspect. Of course, readers of Samuel Sewall's diary, or even of Mrs. Earle's pleasant books, knew all these things, but they have to be repeated. We are still in a stage where many intelligent persons believe our forefathers pronounced Ye (the) as they did the personal pronoun. On the value of what seem the portentous church hours, as intellectual recreation, and on the usefulness of the Sabbath rest, Mr. Low is amusing and persuasive. The Indian he treats almost as summarily as the colonists did. He was the "whetstone" on which wars

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were sharpened, and we used him up in the process. *Voilà tout!*

What is especially novel in a study that necessarily moves on most familiar ground is the emphasis laid upon the Puritan as an incorrigible stickler for his rights. The Revolution was merely precipitated by the casual stupidity of English ministries. It was already written in the stars. Mr. Low hardly notes the rather interesting paradox of persisting social distinctions with increasing political equality—a process well exemplified in modern France. Well into the last century, college lists contained an especial category of "esquires," *i. e.*, gentlemen. A great-grandfather of your reviewer as a "gentleman" bought a tract of land from another ancestor who is written down officially a "yeoman."

The other colonies receive a less extended treatment, though Virginia is regarded as hardly second in importance to Massachusetts. As Charles I drove out the Puritans, so Cromwell made Virginia attractive to the Cavaliers. But the first had the enormous advantage of laying their own social foundations, while the second were superimposed upon a poor white class already produced by the deportation of criminals and ne'er-do-wells. King Tobacco, requiring *latifundia*, costly change of fields, and servile labor was already regnant, and under his patronage oligarchs throve rather at the expense of the commonwealth. Here were bred, however, amid generous social amenities those masterful men who were to direct the early republic. Here, we think, flowered a true sense of hospitality and communal responsibility which remain a valuable leaven in our tumultuous civilization. One likes to dream of what might have been could the South have grown merely as a greater Virginia. But, unlike Massachusetts, Virginia sent out pioneers in abundance, yet rarely colonies of her best. As the feeble stream of settlement trickled southward the pall of slavery, and corresponding ignorance grew heavier. The rebel spirit inherent in the colonial breast persisted, but the rationale of protest was obscured. The Mecklenburg resolution is, we think justly, regarded as a ripple without ulterior profit. Nor was there anything constructive to be had from Oglethorpe's ready-made colony of Georgia. To the end Virginia remained the ideal to which the South generally, while approximating, never fully attained.

Lord Baltimore's colony of Maryland, however, struck in the principle of religious toleration a prophetic note, which it was soon unhappily to disown. George Calvert is the single mysterious figure in our early annals. If we knew what he really was up to, a historical novel of the Henry James type might possibly be evoked. Mr. Low weighs the possible motives with a delicate hand, and comes to no conclusion, but is evidently doubtful of the common view that Calvert was a disinterested philanthropist. Whatever his aim, he kindled a spark that while America is herself can never die. More directly in the apostolic succession of religious liberty is Roger Williams, about the only unambiguous Protestant saint that colonial America produced. We can merely allude to the just and vivacious pages which reveal in Rhode Island that pullulation of rival tolerant sects which was to amaze Tocqueville some two centuries later, and was to be written down as the chief characteristic of new America.

Pennsylvania was, in a manner, a new Maryland, but steadied by proximity with the northern colonies and by an opportune influx of sturdy German immigrants. With the abundant literature of German immigration Mr. Low seems unfamiliar. It is a field that he will have to cultivate seriously in his later volumes. The Swedes of Delaware and the Dutch of New York simply came and went, contributing nothing to the commonwealth but their brawn. This is a hard judgment, but we think a fair one. The Puritan and Cavalier had the good fortune to derive from an England in intense intellectual and political fermentation. The Dutch colonists, urged merely by considerations of trade, had the ill-luck to leave a fatherland complacently diminishing its rather small stock of ideas. Thus they could contribute, and Mr. Low hardly concedes them so much, only their sturdy physique and some sedative leaven of common sense.

This book is almost exclusively analytical, and beyond saying that the analysis is scholarly, based on sources, and in the main persuasive, criticism can only take the form of exposition. The style is always alert and stimulating, though at times it seems to us overswollen in the manner of high-political journalism. We await expectantly the synthesis which the next volume must bring.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*Lord Loveland Discovers America.* By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A very good-humored, pleasant, wholesome, improbable story of a young peer, conceited and wife-hunting, who gets his deserts in America—and something over. Lord Loveland is the type, the commanding type in English fiction, of the hero in love and war who, by virtue of his old name and good looks, has but to put forth his finger to lay the world at his feet. He is complaisantly used, as a rule, by the British romancer: as, for example, by Mrs. Ward, in her recent study of international adventure and matrimony. This story, indeed, is a perfect obverse of "Marriage à la Mode." The situation at the outset is the same. Our young nobleman, who finds himself at the last extreme of (noble) poverty, is dispatched to America by his haughty mamma to get him a profitable wife. She assures him that there are plenty of American heiresses in the market, and that not one of them would dream of refusing him. That is his opinion, and he sets forth in full feather, prepared to see and to conquer. So far the two stories march side by side: here is a sharp parting of the ways. Mrs. Ward is in sympathy with her hero from start to finish. It seems to her quite natural that he should marry an American girl for her money, and she provides for the subsequent action by making the girl unworthy of him. The present writers hold a brief for the other side. They very much dislike the spirit of Lord Loveland's enterprise, and see to it that he pays in full. He carries letters of credit and of introduction to the States, but soon after his landing matters occur which make it impossible for him to use either. He is cast out of the Waldorf-Astoria, and thereafter, for a few weeks, has an educating experience as a penniless sojourner in a strange land. The upshot of it all is that he reforms, ceases to be conceited, begins to love his fellow-man, and is duly rewarded by the acquirement of an heiress (or rather a fabulously successful novelist and playwright), whom he has wooed as a poor girl. Of course, if my lord had recalled the existence of the British consulate, there would hardly have been a story. Fortunately, he did not, for the narrative is so lively, hearty, and soothing to American sensibilities as to commend itself strongly, even to the jaded reader.

*Tower of Ivory.* By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Atherton's sharp and yet sweeping pen has gathered to her no inconsiderable band of admirers; few of them would have ventured to predict a story from her hand at once so modern in its waiver of the agreeably romantic, and so proud in its idealism. Its mere outline might be rendered sufficiently sordid in the telling. A young Englishman, heir-presumptive to a title, is in Munich, languidly preparing himself for a diplomatic career. At twenty-three, with the god-like beardless features of the British hero of romance, he is much spoiled by all women. His longed-for succession to the title hangs upon the death of an unmarried elder brother, which misogyny and drink seem to promise in the not distant future. Meanwhile young John Ordham, with nothing to live on and extravagant tastes, is deep in debt; and the inevitable marriage for money is urged upon him from all quarters. He meets a beautiful Amer-

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ican girl, and is ardently coveted by her and her clever "Momma." He is attracted, but "Momma" sees that he will never really swallow the bare hook of a pretty little chatterbox, and whisks the girl off to London before the first attraction is exhausted. Ordham is left in Munich with only a pleasant and fading memory of the child.

Six months later, however, he is tricked into marriage with her, and after the deadly commonplace experience of calf-love, wakes to find himself cheated and bound to a silly woman. And he then realizes that before his marriage the best of him, his heart as well as his mind, has become the property of another woman. He has met Margarethe Styr after the little heiress's departure from Munich. Margarethe is his senior by a dozen years, and the intimacy which has sprung up between them has remained blameless. But the bond cannot be broken, and after Ordham's marriage it becomes clear to both that it is not a bond of friendship. "The Styr" is a great singer and actress, a protégé of the mad King of Bavaria. During the many years of her career as a singer she has lived upon a high plane intellectually, and her private life has been without reproach. But she admits to Ordham that the rumors are true which assign to her a low origin, and a shameless life for many years as a professional courtesan. She does not regret that life, since she believes that it has contributed to her powers as an artist, and even to her present strength of character. But he proposes to cast his career to the winds, and to join their lives at all cost. His wife dies, and his brother. He becomes almost in the same moment a peer, and a man free to marry the woman to whom he feels that fate has already joined him. But the Styr understands that this will mean ruin for them both, and finds the only way out.

The silly little wife, the pair of manœuvring dowagers, the brutal brothers, do not quite emerge from the convention of their rôles. But Ordham and Margarethe Styr are persons conceived and presented with extraordinary clearness and power. One does not doubt that the bond which unites them, and which is fated to suffer no tarnishing by failure of magnanimity on either side, is the supreme bond which has linked the great lovers of all time.

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*Rhoda of the Underground.* By Florence F. Kelly. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

This story deals with the operations of the extensive system of assisting runaway slaves across the Canadian border, known in ante-bellum days as the Underground Railway. While written from an obviously partisan point of view, it shows fairness of judgment, and a sympathy with those individual slaveholders who tried so gallantly and so vainly by their personal kindness to redeem the institution of slavery from its inherent evils. The writer has embodied the two opposing sides in Rhoda of the Underground, and her lover, who is a determined adherent of the South. There is a fine victory of principle over personal feeling, and they part as war is declared—he to serve in the Confederate army, and she to nurse in the Union lines, leaving to the decision of Providence the vexed question of which is to yield, and agreeing to abide by the result of the war. It is one of those books the soul of which so far outweighs its body that one can readily overlook the mediocrity of the latter.

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*Cab No. 44.* By R. F. Foster. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This writer, well known as an authority on bridge, plays out his story, mystification upon mystification, like a well-planned hand at no-trumps. The plot is ingenious, and though at times a little trite, it succeeds beyond the wont of detective stories in rewarding the reader with a final surprise. The chief interest lies in the movement of the story, for, in spite of much careful effort at characterization, the personages are no more than marionettes who go through the action of their pantomime at the will of their manipulator. The weakest link of Mr. Foster's chain is the effort to minister to that pathetic fallacy, the absolute necessity of the "love interest." The hero's affair of the heart is unconvincing to the point of being ludicrous. It is to be hoped that in the future the author will see fit to give us a detective story that makes no attempt to deal with anything but the keen analysis and unravelling of problems that are so well within his scope.

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## FRENCH MEMOIRS.

*A Rose of Savoy.* By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

*Madame Du Barry.* By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

*Madame de Maintenon.* By C. C. Dyson. New York: John Lane. $4 net.

The old régime in France is still the apparently inexhaustible storehouse of courtly romance. Indeed, for a good many people the old régime means little else than the court at Versailles or the gossipy salons of Paris. Few know the real eighteenth century: the great creative period which made the nineteenth possible, which saw the dawn of science, the emancipation of reason, the rise of rationalism, the development of commercial and colonial politics, the beginnings of social and economic science. It stands in most minds for the stately formalism of an age of hollow morality, for a clogged classicism in literature—burst through, it is true, by the volcanic passion of Rousseau, and cleft by Voltaire's rapier thrusts; a stilted world in a stilted style.

The three books before us are all of a kind. They are biographies built up out of the results of the more recent French investigations. They are works of vulgarisation, not original contributions to historical knowledge. This is not said in condemnation. It merely means that they must not be judged as products of scientific research, but rather as literary compilations: efforts to convey a more or less correct impression of the results of such research on the part of others. The trouble is, however, that when one who is not a trained historian attempts to popularize the scientific achievements of historical research, he is as likely to mis-state the case as would a theologian writing a text-book on Darwin. History-writing seems so easy to the untrained mind. These books teach us, if anything, how difficult it really is.

Noel Williams has now written some ten volumes of biographies, all dealing with notabilities at Versailles. He is familiar with that world of intrigue in which French royalty moved, from the Fronde to the Revolution. He has gone to the works of the best of recent French investigators. His picture is drawn in the plainest lines, without a touch of rhetorical display, in homely and uninspired fashion. But a straightforward style does not always mean a straightforward story. Mr. Williams tries to be impartial, but because his interest is in his heroine and in her story rather than in mere truth for its own sake, he fails to meet the demands of the impartial reader. When two accounts conflict, the one dramatic, the other commonplace and sober, he cannot resist the temptation to choose the striking narrative for the body of his page, even when he shows his deference to the critic by referring to the other in his footnote. For example, take the account of the "Rose of Savoy" (p. 464), where we are told that when the Duke of Orleans (later the Regent) went to sprinkle holy water on the coffin of the Dauphin,

> he had to endure "the most atrocious insults from a people which believed it was showing clemency in not falling upon him and tearing him to pieces!" Similar scenes were witnessed in Paris, when he passed through it with the funeral cortège, in spite of the precautions taken by the police, and "for some minutes there was everything to fear."

This is straight from Saint-Simon, the duke's bitterest enemy. Mr. Williams feels obliged to tell us in a footnote that Sourches and the *Mercure* tell of the orderly conduct of the crowd. Yet he follows Saint-Simon without a qualification in the body of the text. Such use of the tools of historical scholarship

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makes the scholar skeptical of the "vulgarizer." For whenever truth and fiction conflict, truth falls into footnotes and fiction has the page.

The "Rose of Savoy" was Marie Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, and mother of Louis XV. She was the light-headed, high-spirited little princess, who came to grace the court of Louis XIV, when it was already taking on that austere tone which Madame de Maintenon brought into it. There is something in the relation of this sprightly girl, fond of practical jokes, to her moping husband, which suggests that other royal visitor to Versailles, Marie Antoinette. Fortunately for herself—and for her husband—the duchess did not live to share the responsibilities of government. The woman who caused the fall of Vauban was about as well fitted to rule as the one who brought about Turgot's retirement. Their husbands were of an equal degree of ineptitude, though from different causes. The "Rose of Savoy" was not without a thorny side to her character, and that long inertia known as the era of Fleury might never have given its refreshment to exhausted France if this vivacious woman had been able to satisfy her caprice at the expense of the nation. Mr. Williams has, of course, not concerned himself with these broader aspects of the problem. He becomes interested in his heroine as a light-hearted girl, and tells her story as a friend. The details of what dresses they wore, how "Monsieur's waistcoat was entirely covered with diamonds, tied by strings formed of diamonds," the number of times the king kissed her when she first arrived at court, the amount of money Madame de Montespan lost at the gaming table—items like these fill up the pages of a biography which finds but little else to record. And yet we had already Sainte-Beuve's keen analysis of the Duchess.

As for Madame du Barry, here historians forget that the proudest ladies of France—the sister of the powerful Duc de Choiseul, for instance—envied her, and that her chief reproach was not that she was mistress of a king, but that she was low-born, and had been immoral outside of court circles. In this biography, however, Mr. Williams has been relatively successful. Not venturing to be too sympathetic, he has made a fairer use of sources. Here are many indications of conscientious study. Vatel is the main basis for the biography, but his exhaustive apology for the "joyous libertine" is duly tempered. The result is, we believe, a reproduction of du Barry as she really was: light-hearted, unconventional, unaffected, simple but vulgar in bearing, generous at heart, not malicious like Pompadour, not imperious like Montespan, absolutely unmoral rather than a conscious sinner—a jolly, giddy thing, retaining her healthy animal spirits in the unwholesome atmosphere of corrupt Versailles. One must not forget in judging her that she retained the affection of the king to his dying moments, and that Louis XV had tired of all the means of self-gratification ever offered to a man before she entered into his life. This is a genuine tribute to her charms. Madame du Barry has borne the blackest character among many of her class, but when one looks at the peculiar kind of achievement of her life, and then follows her generous impulses to her equally unmoral mother and to her neighbors, one feels little of that repulsion called out by the selfish, sordid lives of her titled rivals.

The life of Madame de Maintenon has recently been the subject of serious research, and something like a definitive biography is now possible. The work of the late De Boislisle has proved much to be legendary which formerly passed for history. The stories concerning her stay in the West Indies, the arrangement of her marriage to Scarron, and the way she was introduced at court, are now to be retold in more sober guise. The "Souvenirs de Madame de Maintenon," published by Hanotaux and d'Haussonville in 1902, furnish us with her last letters and the only authentic copy of the Journal of Madame de Maintenon's secretary, Mlle. d'Aumale. We are now in a position to know intimately what manner of woman it was who "converted" Louis XIV, turned him from a libertine into a Puritan, and still managed to retain her control over him absolutely, so long as he lived. Mr. Dyson's biography is an attempt to place this new knowledge before the English reader, along with the well-known history of which Maintenon was the centre. The political rôle of the King's wife had been exaggerated by earlier biographers. In these pages the point is well made that Louis was not the man to be led, too direct'y at least, into plans that were not his own. This tribute to his strength of character is also to be found in the latest full study of his reign, the masterful analysis by Lavisse. But if Madame de Maintenon was not responsible directly for the expulsion of the Huguenots, she induced an attitude of mind in the king which led indirectly to the same end. She was more than a colorless ornament, a kind of prude sitting by the royal fireside to grace his moments of leisure. She was a strong-willed woman, of infinite tact and indomitable perseverance, who never tired under the most exacting demands of that egoist whose ego was held to be a sort of divine symbol of the nation. Such a woman was no mere figure-head set over the king's household. But her influence was of that intangible type which leaves no record for the historian. Mr. Dyson's biography is a careful piece of work; albeit wanting in deep insight. Its chief merit, indeed, is in the elaborate use of the sources, of which there are many interesting citations. A little thin in itself, the narrative takes on color and gains in interest from these glimpses of parts of old letters and diaries, more eloquent than any comment: the very human stuff out of which the tale is made.

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*Homer and the Iliad:* An Essay to Determine the Scope and Character of the Original Poem. By F. Melian Stawell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Even after the recent works of Lang, Leaf, Seymour, Bréal, and Murray, the "Homer and the Iliad" of Miss Stawell cannot be pronounced wholly superfluous. Its main value, however, lies not in the demonstration of its thesis, but in the accompanying literary criticism and incidental appreciations of Homer's art. Miss Stawell's special theory of the origin and structure of the Iliad will go the way of all Homeric theories. Its distinctive feature is the rejection, with Grote, from the "original Iliad" of book ix, the Embassy to Achilles, and of book viii, which leads up to it; though she retains not only the general picture of the war contained in books ii to vii, but also books xxiii and xxiv, after the climax has been reached in the death of Hector. In the affirmative part of her argument, Miss Stawell follows and resumes Mr. Lang, with many interesting and subtle suggestions of her own. For example, she argues that if we retain book xxiv, the Ransom and Burial of Hector, then book xxiii, the Funeral Games in honor of Patroclus, is needed to prevent the immediate juxtaposition of the emotional climax at Hector's death with that which finds expression in the lamentations at his burial. She might have reinforced this point by a comparison with the structure of Plato's "Republic," where the interpolation of the digression on poetry in the first half of book x has the same effect and probably the same intention. In her rejection of book ix, she expounds and expands the arguments of Walter Leaf and other disintegrating critics. It would be idle to go over this ground again. We note merely that destructive criticism brings with it bad luck, as usual. To prove that book xix is incompatible with the embassy, Miss Stawell tells us that in xix, 134-6, Agamemnon even goes so far as to say that he had never been able to give up his anger. Agamemnon says nothing of the kind. Miss Stawell mistranslates οὐ δυνάμην λελαθέσθ' Ἄτης, ἥ πρῶτον ἀάσθην.

We have ourselves no theory of the Iliad, constructive or destructive, to maintain. But it is a curious fact that destructive arguments nearly always involve misinterpretation or false statis-

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tics. One such argument, hitherto generally accepted, Miss Stawell successfully challenges. The late origin of books xxiii and xxiv has been affirmed on the ground of the Odyssean character of their diction and syntax. Contemporaneously and coincidently with Prof. John A. Scott's treatment of the same question in the January number of *Classical Philology*, Miss Stawell shows, in the tables of her appendix, that the alleged distinctions are illusory, and that these books are, if anything, rather less, not more Odyssean than the others. From this, she advances to what many will deem the extreme position of affirming a common authorship for both poems. The little differences in culture, mythology, and ethics which undergraduates are required to memorize vanish under closer scrutiny. Even the *Nekuia*, allowing for a few evident interpolations, is, she thinks, a consistent conception of the life after death, worthy of a great poet. The linguistic differences between the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" are less than those between Milton's early poems and "Paradise Lost." There remains not the slightest tenable disproof of the traditional faith in a common authorship.

Space fails to do justice to the admirable literary criticism, which relieves these philological details and which makes the book worth reading even for those sensible students who have resolved to waste no more time on Homeric controversies. No one has shown more convincingly the inadequacy of the poem postulated by critics under the name "The Wrath of Achilles." They may cut away the parting of Hector and Andromache, but they cannot think it away. "Our sympathy with Hecuba's last appeal to Hector is infinitely more tender, if we have already known her as the mother who would always see in the warrior the little child at her breast. . . . We must still read xxii in the light of xxiv (as well as in the light of iii and vi and xii, or our loss will be incalculable). If Homer does not exist, we must just invent him for the sake of literature."

The chapter on Homer and the Icelandic sagas brings out many interesting analogies, and there are numerous other apt and illuminating illustrations from later literature. One parallel is too happy to be omitted. To show that the phrase ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης in Hector's last soliloquy may well be understood in the picturesque literal meaning of the words, and need not necessarily be taken in the conventional idiomatic sense, which they bear elsewhere, Miss Stawell quotes two passages of Browning:

> The water slips o'er stock and stone.
> ("By the Fireside"),

and,

> Why men! Men and not boys! Boys and not brutes!
> Brutes and not stocks and stones!
> ("The Ring and the Book").

*The Rise of the Mediæval Church and its Influence on the Civilization of Western Europe from the First to the Thirteenth Century.* By Alexander Clarence Flick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Professor Flick's purpose, as he himself states it, is to meet the demand for "a simple account of the evolution of the old Church minus all theological and dogmatic discussions." He lays down with great clearness the principles on which all writing of church history ought to proceed, emphasizing especially the importance of holding the treatment absolutely to the rules that govern all other kinds of historical study and writing. At the beginning of the book and at the close of every chapter, he gives extended bibliographies of original and secondary material. At the foot of every page are copious references to the passages of historians, theologians, or what not, from which his statements are taken. We are thus able to follow the author pretty closely in the process of his study. The title "Rise of the Mediæval Church" is misleading. In reality the book is a continuous narrative of the growth of the church during the first twelve centuries of its life, and quite as much weight is properly laid upon the early period as upon the mediæval.

If we were to use one word to characterize this book, it would be "academic." Dr. Flick has had good teachers and has handled the right books. He has examined evidence for and against the claims of the Church in its chief institutional crises. The student will find here a fairly useful and trustworthy guide to wider reading. He will not be misled by doctrinal or other prepossessions, and perhaps this is all the author desires. The book is, however, another illustration of how much harder it is to make a good brief general survey of a period than to write either an encyclopædia or a monograph. To be successful such a survey must first of all have style—not be stylish; Heaven forefend!—but have that subtle sense of form and proportion for which we have no name but style. And this style must come from such a complete command of the subject as cannot be gained by hearing lectures or working in "seminaries" or even by investigating in libraries. It must come from such penetration with the knowleage of great moments and the spirit of great men that its overflow will reach the comprehension of the untrained, but attentive reader.

Dr. Flick is best in his presentation of critical moments, as for instance, the Petrine question, or the causes of Roman persecution. He likes to enumerate, and every teacher knows that enumeration is always welcome to the pupil. But when these critical points are passed, the narrative drops into a rather wearisome monotone of facts, presented in short detached sentences that do not carry. It is well to know what writers an author is mainly following, but continual reference to his sources, early and late, becomes tedious and ineffective. We especially dislike the repeated references, chapter after chapter, to pages and sections of modern books. It is a demoralizing method for the teacher and cramps the space which the author should keep free for better things. The pupil who cannot find his way in a book without this aid is not worth helping.

Dr. Flick holds out the prospect that he may continue his work through the Reformation and the modern period. We hope he will; but we hope also that he will see his way to pruning off several of the weaker parts of his scheme and holding more firmly to the valuable plan that underlies it.

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*Anna van Schurman:* Artist, Scholar, Saint. By Una Birch. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2 net.

If the belief that learning, piety, and personal attraction in a woman are stepping-stones to fame, the case of Anna van Schurman, "artist, scholar, saint," is a sufficient disproof. Even the latest biographer of Anna van Schurman confesses that her name came to the writer's notice by accident. The result of the ensuing investigations is a readable exposition of this one-time celebrity's career—her life, her work, and her religious struggles. Incidentally, we have a glimpse into Dutch seventeenth-century life, and the general current of religious feeling in the Low Countries during that period. A little more than two centuries has elapsed since the Star of Utrecht, the Tenth Muse, stood preëminent among her countrywomen in the world of art and letters. Royalties and foreign men of letters corresponded with her. Queen Christina of Sweden travelled all the way from Brussels to Utrecht to visit her. The incomparable Anna became an object of cult among her own countrymen. She spoke or wrote with fluency several modern, ancient, and Oriental languages; had mastered every subject included in the higher education of her time; was an accomplished painter on glass and porcelain; a poet, musician, and dialectician. Yet she just reached that point in which general proficiency stops short of genius; and today her name is conspicuous by its absence from the encyclopædia or library of biographies.

The strong religious tendency which showed itself in Anna van Schurman's character from her infancy was partly the result of heredity, but largely of environment. The Spanish yoke had been thrown off; and the renaissance of national life that followed was marked by a corresponding activity of religious life. The Reformation had multiplied sects by giving greater scope to indi-

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vidual opinion. The sense of reverence inherent in the Dutch character produced an atmosphere of religious discussion in which the individual conscience was the main factor. Anna met many lights of zeal and piety, and gradually drifted into that current of religious thought of which Labadie was the chief apostle. She put away earthly things—and, certainly, worldly *convenances*—after coming under the spell of the French evangelist; formed a "spiritual alliance" with that worthy, made common household with him, and shared his trials and persecutions in being driven from pillar to post. Her advanced middle-age at this turning point of her career could not shield her from the tongues of the ill-natured; posterity would judge her differently. Her character was that of a shrewd, talented, womanly woman, in whom the saint wrestles long with the sinner, and finally gains the mastery. Whether her life was a success is a question which the individual reader must decide. A woman who continually deplores the vanity of her talents and erudition, yet says in the same breath that they are noble as coming direct from God, and who is "delighted" when a French poet writes odes to her personal charms, is perhaps a riddle, but certainly very human. "Papa" Labadie and "Mamma" Van Schurman jogged together very pleasantly through the last years of life, finding peace in the spiritual communion which brought them together.

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*Tremendous Trifles.* By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Composing romances, writing the lives of illustrious contemporaries, and interpreting Christianity to the English does not, of course, consume all the exuberant energy of Mr. Chesterton. In his playful moments, which must be tolerably frequent, he contributes to the columns of the *Daily News*. The thirty-nine articles which constitute this book—the number has doubtless a symbolical value—originally went straight from the author to the man in the street, and so preserve for us the first fine careless rapture of the journalistic fancy. They were written apropos of everything that happened to turn up—a piece of chalk, wind in the trees, a lost ticket—the more insignificant the better. But, as a good-natured blacksmith *in horis subsecivis* hammers odd scraps of iron into children's toys with the same big strokes and the same fierce shower of sparks that accompany the shoeing of a horse or the forging of a chain, so Mr. Chesterton wields his adventurous pen. "Let us be ocular athletes," he cries, "let us learn to write essays on a stray cat or a colored cloud." He does not pretend to conceal his delight in displaying his athletic power; he hastens to add, however: "Any one else may do it better, if any one else will only try." Characteristically magnanimous, he underrates his own accomplishment. The assurance is too bald and emphatic; in its present form, it threatens a dangerous rush of young men into journalism. At most, it means that if you have caught your hare, you may learn to cook it; if you have written a sermon, you may learn to put it into a stone or a brook or a piece of chalk—or even into a life of George Bernard Shaw. With a vigorous analogical mind, one can start from anything and get to almost anything else—in time. To start from Fleet Street and land in heaven, to start from anything and land infallibly after precisely three jumps in democracy, patriotism, or orthodoxy—*hoc opus, hic labor est.* This is Mr. Chesterton's feat—a few, whom just Jupiter loved, have done it. Without subscribing to all his thirty-nine articles, one may find genuine delight in at least a dozen of his philosophical parables.

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*The Commonwealth of Australia.* By B. R. Wise. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Wise, the author of this good book, is a native Australian, educated however in England at Rugby and Oxford, whence after attaining to much distinction as a scholar, and also as an athlete, he returned to his birthplace. Here he has reached eminence, serving long as attorney-general of New South Wales, and taking an important part in the federation of Australia. His broad mind, evident ability, and wide experience qualify him admirably for his task, and we have in his work a compact and illuminative account of his great country in all its phases—its physical characteristics, its development, sociological, economical, and political, and its condition at the present moment. Though a loyal subject of the Crown, and a devoted patriot, he shows no narrowness, and abstains from all buncombe. He recognizes candidly many faults in his people, and does not veil the mistakes they have made in their struggle. While the story throughout has great interest to serious students, we think Americans will find most valuable the statesman-like résumé of the framing of the Constitution through which Australia has become a new United States.

Though the Australians had the advantage of our precedents and experience and of those of Canada, and bore them in mind at every step as they proceeded, yet their conditions were none the less perplexing. A remote Anglo-Saxon outpost close at hand to a multitudinous and aggressive Orient, a collection of provinces whose interests often sharply conflicted, a determination to be thoroughly independent and yet a loyal portion of the British Empire—certainly the problems of the men of the South Pacific were scarcely less formidable than those of the men of 1787. How the happy result was obtained, and how the complicated mechanism works now in its initial stages, is calmly and lucidly set forth by one who fought in the debates and has had a hand in the administration.

Of the many points of interest to Americans, we will note only these: the Australians have determined that theirs shall be a white man's country. They stand to-day a remarkable homogeneous body of five millions, mostly English and Scotch. The colored races are not welcomed to citizenship; and as regards European stocks other than Anglo-Saxon, while there is no constitutional bar to admission, yet ingeniously devised immigration tests make entrance difficult to populations of low standard. The doctrine that the land shall be an "asylum for the oppressed of all nations" has no currency. The Australian frankly accepts this narrowness, maintaining that an Anglo-Saxon polity must be administered by an Anglo-Saxon people, and that in the end, it will be better, not only for his own commonwealth, but for the world, that there should be this exclusion. As to this point, he holds that the experience of the United States is a warning.

Again, as to a tariff, the Australian Constitution provides for high protection, as a convenient source of public revenue, as insuring a diversity of industries, and also as a safeguard to a high wage for the working classes. A high wage, they regard as essential to a proper standard of living; it is the workman's right; and here it is well worth while to note the intelligent and persistent effort to prevent the absorption of the advantage by greedy individuals and trusts.

These are particular points of interest, but, in every part, the Australian Constitution deserves to be pondered by thoughtful Americans. Mr. Wise does for Australia what President Lowell does for England and Mr. Bryce for the United States. It is the convenient handbook for an epoch-making political construction of English-speaking men.

## Notes.

The Macmillan Co. announces the completion of the new edition of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in twenty-two volumes, which occupy only about one-third of the space required for the sixty-four volumes of the original edition.

The "Revised New Testament" is about to be issued by the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge, with fuller references. The marginal references, begun by Dr. Scrivener and continued by Dr. Moulton, both of whom have died, have been completed

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by Dr. Moulton's son, Dr. J. H. Moulton, and his old pupil, Dr. A. W. Greenup.

It is announced that the New York Public Library, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, which has been building for more than ten years, will be completed, except the approaches and furniture, on May 1.

The women students of Cornell University have fallen heir to the homestead of the late Charles Alfred Hasbrouck, about a mile from the campus, and the house is to be turned into a lodge for them.

Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, the English Shakespearean scholar, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on February 4, and on the following Sunday sculled thirteen miles on the Thames. "It is quite a customary thing for me to do this spin every Sunday morning in the winter for a little exercise," he remarked.

Etienne Emile Marie Boutroux, the French philosopher, who expected to sail for this country this week, is to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard, and will also make four public addresses at Cambridge under the auspices of the Cercle Français upon the "Essence of Religion" and the "Movement of Contemporaneous Philosophy."

Prof. John M. Manly has recently arranged with the Oxford University Press for the publication in facsimile of the Caedmon manuscript in the Bodleian Library. The agreement is to issue a collotype to subscribers at five guineas net; only one hundred copies will be published. The plan was laid before the Modern Language Association of America at the Eastern meeting at Cornell University; and a resolution was unanimously passed commending the enterprise to American scholars and university libraries, and requesting the committee on the reproduction of early texts to make preliminary arrangements for publication. In accordance with this resolution, Prof. J. W. Cunliffe of the University of Wisconsin is issuing a circular with a form of subscription attached, which he will send to any one interested. Applications will be filed in the order in which they are received, and the subscription list will be closed as soon as one hundred names are registered. The manuscript consists of 260 large pages, and is of especial interest, not only on account of the importance of the text and the very remarkable illustrations, but because of the system of metrical points, which cannot be studied to advantage without exact reproduction.

"The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age" (Sherratt & Hughes, Manchester and London), by Phœbe Sheavyn, D.Lit., is an exceptionally solid and valuable monograph. Parts of the book have already appeared in the *Library*, and the first five chapters, which deal with the economic side of the subject, were presented as a thesis for the degree of doctor of literature in the University of London. The whole is now published as the first number in the English Series of the Publications of the University of Manchester. Miss Sheavyn has collected interesting data in regard to the personal relations of authors, their habits, social standing, etc., and she discusses also the tastes of Elizabethan readers, and the Puritanical opposition which poetry—especially the drama—had to contend with. Much the most important part of her work, however, is that which deals with the economic aspects of an author's life in the Elizabethan Age. To be sure, she offers no views of startling novelty with respect to these questions. Nevertheless, she has brought together a valuable mass of evidence on all the matters involved—patronage, the prices which the different forms of literature commanded, subsidiary means of support which were open to authors, and the rest. Dr. C. W. Wallace's Shakespearean discoveries were made public too late to be used in this book. The picture which Miss Sheavyn draws is one of terrible hardships. It is even darker than one might have imagined, before being confronted with the large body of evidence. The transition from the old system of patronage, exclusively, to the independence of later times, brought with it pains of both body and soul. On the question of copyright Miss Sheavyn adopts the current view that the Elizabethan "law regarded—or was popularly believed to regard—the mere possession of a manuscript, apart from any previous entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, as implying ownership, and consequently the right to dispose of it." Notwithstanding the evidence she cites in proof of this statement, we cannot believe that the practice was so general as is assumed. So high an authority as A. W. Pollard (in his recent "Shakespeare Folics and Quartos") argues that it was not.

William J. Harris, borough librarian of Bromley, England, has compiled a useful bibliography entitled "The First Printed Translations into English of the Great Foreign Classics" (Dutton), which marks, we hope, the commencement of an effort to render information concerning translations in general more accessible than has hitherto been the case. The present work, so far as it goes, seems to have been done with care—for one thing there is a satisfactory title-index; but we do not understand the principles of inclusion governing the main lists. Why, for example, should annotated editions of Old English texts be numbered among "first English translations"? Obviously, too, some of the translations here listed as the first have little interest beyond that which comes from priority of issue; intrinsically they may be worthless. If the editor's chief aim had been to provide "a supplement to text-books of English literature," he might in a first venture have restricted his field to that of translations of Greek and Latin classics, and yet have taken this field broadly enough to include the best and most significant as well as the earliest versions of classical authors. A bibliography that mentions Potter's translations of Euripides, and not Murray's, might do some immature student of English a considerable disservice.

The "Ten Great and Good Men" celebrated by Henry Montagu Butler, D.D. (Longmans), are all Englishmen, and, with a single exception, orators. These lectures, which were mostly delivered before school or college audiences, have a calculated simplicity, and, though they naturally savor of the platform, make good reading. On the subject of public lecturing the master of Trinity, Cambridge, has his views, which are communicated in a preface. He hopes that the book may encourage other speakers to youthful audiences to treat of national heroes in a simple and forceful spirit. For such addresses this book might indeed serve as a model. Burke, the second William Pitt, Canning, John Wesley, Wilberforce, Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, John Bright, "Chinese" Gordon, Dr. Thomas Arnold, and Thomas Erskine are the ten worthies under discussion. All are treated sympathetically, none more so—and the fact illustrates Dr. Butler's ripe tolerance—than the dissenters Wesley and Erskine.

The English "Who's Who" (Macmillan) for 1910 comes to us with fifty more pages and about 500 more names than were included in last year's edition, bringing the number of sketches up to about 20,000. The usefulness and general accuracy of this book are now well established, and its scope is increased each year by the addition of names of Americans and Continentals. True, it is not easy for an American to see why certain of his countrymen are included and others are not; but, after all, it may be well enough that we do not see ourselves as others see us. Thus far, the volume's rate of growth has not prompted the publishers to adopt as a remedy the theory that with some persons distinction is chronic, while others recover from it—a treatment it has been found necessary to employ in other cases in order to check biographical *embonpoint*, and a sort of fatty degeneration of fame.

"New Hampshire as a Royal Province," by Dr. William H. Fry (Columbia University Press), adds another to the list of substantial monographs in the field of American history, for whose inception scholars have chiefly to thank Prof. Herbert L. Osgood. Dr. Fry's narrative has little claim to literary distinction, and its more than five hundred solid pages make serious reading; but as a contribution to the study of the American colonial period it has high importance. Like its predecessors in the series to which it belongs, the work is a detailed study of government and administration; such questions as the growth of population and the extension of the settled area, intercolonial relations, and general economic and social development being, for the most part, excluded. Thus, after an excellent introductory chapter on the history of New Hampshire to 1679, when the colony became a royal province, Dr. Fry proceeds at once to examine in detail the organization and powers of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, the land and military systems, and the thorny maze of colonial finance. The Governor, though in reality exercising less ample powers than his commission would indicate, and dependent upon the Assembly for his salary, seems nevertheless to have been a difficult official to get rid of, as experience with Cranfield, Belcher, and the Wentworths shows. In the relations between the Governor and the Assembly, matters appear to have run about the same course in New Hampshire as elsewhere in America, the lower house of Assembly successfully asserting its right to control the colony purse and the treasury officials, and stubbornly refusing, not always with the best of reasons, to make permanent provision for the support of the government. The situation in regard to paper money

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was peculiarly difficult in New Hampshire because of the exposed frontier and the frequent wars with the French and Indians; though the depreciation of the bills of credit seems not to have been greater than elsewhere, nor return to specie payment after the last war, more troublesome. The religious controversies which rent Massachusetts are happily absent from the early history of New Hampshire; nor did the Bay colony, when the New Hampshire settlements were incorporated with it, apply to them its own rigid ecclesiastical restriction of the franchise. Dr. Fry's long chapter on the land system is especially important as the first thorough-going examination of a really difficult topic. If the volume errs at all, it is in the direction of undue detail, together with the occasional description of governmental operations of the ordinary sort, in no way peculiar to New Hampshire; but these are minor blemishes in what must be praised as a sound piece of historical work.

Another selection from the addresses and fugitive writings of Henry D. Lloyd comes to us under the title of "Men, the Workers" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Next to "Wealth Against Commonwealth," the present volume is perhaps the best exposition of Lloyd's attitude towards certain concrete aspects of the labor movement, particularly trade unions, strikes, child labor, and the eight-hour day. Speaking at the great meeting in the Chicago Auditorium, in 1903, called to celebrate the arbitration of the anthracite coal strike, Lloyd was able to draw some striking lessons from the progress of organized labor since 1895, when "dim and dingy Battery D," in the same city, held the meeting called to celebrate the release of Debs from Woodstock jail; and the papers in this volume have historical value as an indication of that progress.

In his "Source Book for Social Origins" (University of Chicago Press) William I. Thomas has brought together a large number of extracts from prominent writers on the relation of society to geographic and economic environment; mental life and education; invention and technology; sex and marriage; art, ornament, and decoration; magic, religion, myth; and social organization, morals, the state. The selections are judicious, and to each group are added a comment and a bibliography; there are also supplementary bibliographies on the various geographical divisions of the world. The volume furnishes useful material for students—the bibliographies are extensive and are accompanied by remarks on the value of the books mentioned. The work is dedicated to the memory of William Jones, the young Indian folklorist who was killed in Luzon not long ago by a hostile tribe.

Now that the ends of the earth have been explored, it is fitting that the energetic traveller should turn his steps to regions more accessible, but hitherto overlooked. Such a country is Corsica, which, though it lies within sight of the Riviera, and is passed by scores of steamers daily, remains, for the tourist at least, almost *terra incognita*. If Napoleon had not been born at Ajaccio, we may doubt whether the island would have emerged even yet from the mediæval penumbra in which it was hidden for centuries. George Renwick, in "Romantic Corsica" (Scribner), succeeds very well in showing the attractions of Corsica, and he tells how easily they may be visited. He himself covered more than 800 miles on a bicycle—sufficient evidence that the roads are good. He has something to say of the history of the place, where Paoli competes with Napoleon for local commemoration, much about the people and their customs, and still more about the scenery. T. G. Ouston contributes a chapter on mountain-climbing, and there is information as to hunting and shooting. A large number of excellent views really illustrate the volume.

A notable addition to the Aryan series of the Anecdota Oxoniensia has been published this year (Oxford: Clarendon Press), to wit, the Āitareya Āranyaka, edited by Arthur Berriedale Keith, already well known to Sanskrit scholars through his articles on religious and social problems. The text is supplemented by the parallel chapters of the Çānkhāyana Āranyaka, vii-xv, and eight very complete indices. This, however, is only half of Mr. Keith's work. The other half consists in a useful historical introduction (including a dissertation on style and grammar) and an English translation of the Āranyaka with copious notes, wherein the editor has "tried to extract as much as possible" from the text. And it is indeed remarkable how much modern scholarship can find in a philosophical manual of this sort, or, in other words, how much more we know than the writer knew. For example, the ancient author of this work, which the editor ascribes to the seventh or eighth century B. C., describes a "swing-ceremony"; but he does not really know why the swing is swung, although he attempts an explanation. Yet to modern science the ceremony is one easily pigeonholed under the heading of sun-charm and sympathetic magic. To his note on this point the editor might have added a reference to the charm still practised in India, not only in the Krishna cult, which he mentions, but in the rites of wild tribes, and, had he gone further afield, he might have shown also that this rite of the wild tribes had its parallel again in those of our American Indians. But this would perhaps be an overloading of a wagon already packed full of good things. Nor is the well-read editor often at fault to supply the deficiencies of the authorities to whom he refers. If Speijer (p. 177) "is unable to cite an example from Sanskrit" to illustrate the common Latin agreement in gender of a superlative with its own noun rather than with the gender of the partitive genitive (occasionally violated, as in Keith's example, *velocissimum animalium delphinus est*), the omission might easily have been supplied. There is a good case, for example, in the great Sanskrit epic: "Of streams (fem.) the best (masc.) is ocean (masc.); of quadrupeds (masc.) the best (fem.) is the cow (fem.); of lights (neut.) the best (masc.) is the sun (masc.); of mountains (fem.) the best (masc.) is Himavat (masc.); and of castes (fem.) the best (masc.) is the Brahman."

More important are other questions raised in the editor's extremely valuable notes. To touch only on one point, Mr. Keith rightly rejects Deussen's metaphysical explanation of the great word *brahman*, but does he himself go to the root of the matter when he says that the "original sense of *brahman* must clearly have been prayer or spell"? To the present reviewer, *brahman* appears to be indisputably derived from the root *barh*, which meant primarily strengthen, and *brahman* was first of all "the Power," corresponding to Polynesian *mana*. From this came both the meanings, spell and spiritual power, eventually the universal power, impersonal God. But these examples only show how rich a field the commentator of the Āitareya Āranyaka has traversed. If the text must be in the hands of every Sanskritist, it is none the less true that in the commentary the Latinist and the comparative religionist (if this word may stand without protest) will also find many facts known to them perhaps in their own fields, but here happily illustrated from a treatise much older than any prose work in classical literature.

A meeting in commemoration of the life and work of Richard Watson Gilder was held in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, last Sunday afternoon. Gov. Hughes, who presided, delivered a eulogy of Mr. Gilder's character and career, and other speakers were Robert Underwood Johnson, Talcott Williams, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the English actor, Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, and Jacob Riis.

Mrs. Maria McIntosh Cox, an author and writer for newspapers, died at her home in New York last Monday at the age of seventy-seven years. She contributed to the *Evening Post* a number of sketches on the civil war, and also published in that paper a series of contributions under the captions "Household Thoughts" and "Home Thoughts." Her separate books include "Jack Brereton: or Three Months' Service," a war story, and "Raymond Kershaw."

Miss Mary Olivia Nutting, for more than thirty years librarian of Mount Holyoke College, died on February 13, at the age of eighty. She had travelled widely and had written several books, among them "Life of William the Silent, and the Netherland War," "Steps in the Upward Way," and "Our Summer at Hillside Farm." Her pseudonym was Mary Parrett.

Dr. William Everett, for many years head master of Adams Academy, in Quincy, Mass., died on February 16, at the age of seventy-one years. He graduated at Harvard in 1859, was awarded the B.A. degree by Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1863, and an M.A. by the same college in 1869, and from 1870 to 1877 was tutor and assistant professor of Latin at Harvard. From 1877 until 1893 he was master of the Adams Academy. He was for many years a contributor to the *Nation*.

Arthur Fraser Walter, a great-grandson of John Walter, the founder of the London *Times*, and its chief proprietor until last year, when, under a reorganization of the company he became chairman of the board of directors, and the controlling interest was secured by Lord Northcliffe (Sir Alfred Harmsworth), died on February 22, at his home, Bear Wood, Wokingham, at the age of sixty-three.

James Allanson Picton, the English nonconformist clergyman, Radical politician, and writer, died recently in London, at the age of seventy-seven years. His publica-

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tions include "New Theories and the Old Faith," "Life of Oliver Cromwell," and "Lessons from the Rise and Fall of the English Commonwealth."

## Science.

*Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles.* By C. S. Cooper and W. P. Westell. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7 net.

These two handsome volumes contain sixteen full-page colored plates and seventy full-page black and white plates drawn from nature by C. F. Newall. The authors have succeeded in giving good popular accounts of the native species of shrubs, as well as trees, growing in the British Isles, and they have included in their list many of the more striking cultivated plants. As the type and size of page have been selected to suit the pictures, and a heavy paper used, it is evident that these ponderous quartos were not meant for handy use out of doors, but were designed for the libraries of those who are not particular in matters of study, but who like to have a general notion of plants. The authors are wisely conservative. They have adopted an old system of plant-arrangement and have, as a rule, taken only the best known specific names for the shrubs and trees described. They have given the common name first, and that is an excellent plan in a work of this kind, since it frees a good many readers from an unnecessary embarrassment. A large number of ardent lovers of trees and shrubs know the common names and do not care at all for the scientific ones. The descriptions are generally accurate and plain, and can be easily read by any beginner with the help of the excellent glossary prefixed. The treatise has a good deal to say about various enemies of plants, the fungi and injurious insects, and gives sound advice as to preventive and curative measures.

The drawings are singular in one respect, which will not merit general approval: the inequalities of surface of the leaves are very strongly emphasized, sometimes with an unpleasing result. One naturally compares these drawings with the work of the best of our own artists, such as Faxon and Mrs. Ames, and the comparison is not favorable. But the colored plates are much above mediocrity.

The work would be easier for amateurs to use if the authors had given keys to the groups. Nevertheless, if a beginner patiently and faithfully tries to match his specimens with these drawings and paintings, he will not be likely to go far astray. It will be necessary to caution the American reader that he must translate into his vernacular some of the terms employed in the insecticidal and fungicidal recipes: for instance, "paraffin" is our well known kerosene oil.

"Reptiles of the World," by Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles in the New York Zoölogical Park, and author of the excellent "Reptile Book," which is devoted to American reptiles, will soon be published by the Sturgis & Walton Co.

From Rome comes the first monthly bulletin of the International Institute of Agriculture, not nearly so complete as it will be, but at least a tangible beginning in the collective official report of crop supplies by the nations. This first bulletin is of eight pages, neatly arranged, setting forth the decisions of the general assembly, an outline of the statistical service proposed for this and next year, the system of distribution of countries into geographical zones, and other information. A table of winter wheat figures is fragmentary, those for the United States being the only complete returns. There is another table of winter rye statistics; also assurances that the German and British governments are now making inquiries with a view to supplying the reports requested, and that the Italian government will be ready to furnish monthly information after June 15 next. At a time when the world is concerning itself about high prices of food, the possibilities of the Institute's bulletin become of significant interest.

A tablet is to be placed in Sage Chapel, on the campus of Cornell University, in memory of Ross Gilmore Marvin, the member of the Cornell faculty, who was with Commander Peary during his recent Polar expedition, and was drowned in the Arctic Ocean on April 10, 1909.

Col. Charles Chaillé-Long was awarded a medal by the American Geographical Society on February 15, for work done in exploring the sources of the Nile, while serving on the staff of Gen. Gordon in 1874. Col. Chaillé-Long is a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1842.

The research expedition for the study of Alaskan glaciers sent out last summer by the National Geographic Society, under the leadership of Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell and L. Martin of the University of Wisconsin, is described by them in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January. These glaciers are hundreds in number, and the Malaspina, with a surface area of 1,500 square miles, is the largest in the world outside the Polar regions. Their changes are at times very great, as in 1905-06, for instance, one glacier moved forward a mile. The discovery of the cause of this remarkable motion was the foremost object of the expedition. The report is accompanied by fifty-four striking illustrations and maps. At the annual meeting it was announced that the total membership of the society was 53,333, the net increase for the year being 14,637.

In a "History of the Human Body" (Henry Holt & Co.), H. H. Wilder of Smith College seeks to put Anatomy in a popular form such as may be appreciated by the general reader and be particularly useful to the medical student. This is done by giving as many of the essential facts concerning the structures of the lower vertebrates as seem to throw light on those of man, together with brief chapters on the phylogenesis, ontogenesis, and ancestry of the vertebrates. The result is a handsome book of nearly six hundred pages, in which the author brings together a large mass of material, much of which is necessarily presented with such brevity as to make it doubtful if the average student will rightly apprehend what he reads. Much of the matter is pleasantly set forth, in a way to attract the general reader desiring to know something of the results of comparative anatomy and their bearing on the greater zoological problems. The illustrations are numerous, well selected, and for the most part well reproduced; a few are exceptionally fine.

At a meeting of the American Therapeutic Society, held last May at New Haven, the question of suggestion as a curative agent was considered in a series of papers by a number of physicians of much experience, including M. Prince, J. J. Putnam, F. H. Gerrish, E. W. Taylor, and B. Sidis. These papers, nine of them altogether, were printed in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, and are now again published by the Gorham Press (R. G. Badger) in a little book of two hundred pages bearing the title "Psychotherapeutics, a Symposium." The discussion is an interesting presentation from the physician's point of view of the practical value of hypnotic or "hypnoidal" treatment in its various forms, and, necessarily rather briefly, of the theoretical considerations underlying them. Although the authors do not always agree, the book will be welcome to many to whom the journal in which they appeared is not readily accessible.

Edmund Wright, associate professor of mathematics in Bryn Mawr College, died on Sunday morning at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania of heart disease, after an illness of four months. Professor Wright was an Englishman, and won distinguished honors at the University of Cambridge, being senior wrangler in 1900, first in the second part of the Mathematical Tripos, in 1901, and Smith's prizeman in 1902, and had been for the past seven years a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to Bryn Mawr College, in 1903, to succeed Professor Harkness, now professor of mathematics in McGill University. He was the author of numerous papers in the field of higher mathematics. In 1908 his treatise on "Invariants of Quadratic Differential Forms" was published by the Cambridge University Press.

Edward A. Bowser, who was professor of mathematics and engineering at Rutgers College (his alma mater) from 1871 until 1904, died in Honolulu on February 22, at the age of sixty-four years. He was born in Sackville, New Brunswick. His publications include several mathematical text-books.

Dr. Martin Ekenberg, the Swedish scientist, who discovered a process for drying milk, and had been experimenting with a process for converting peat into fuel without air drying (on which subject he read a paper before the Iron and Steel Institute, in London, last May), died recently in Brixton prison, London, having been committed for extradition upon charges of attempting to murder four persons in Sweden by sending them bombs through the mail.

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# Drama.

*Life and Art of Richard Mansfield, with Selections from His Letters.* By William Winter. Two volumes. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co. $6.

The most obvious comment, perhaps, upon this book is that it is a memorial worthy of a far greater man, and far greater actor, than Richard Mansfield. Into it Mr. Winter, one of the most eloquent and learned of dramatic commentators, has put some of his best analytical and descriptive work, rich in insight, apposite quotation, and felicitous epithet. It is the most notable addition to contemporaneous theatrical literature that has been made for a long time, fascinating as a bit of illuminative biography, complete and manifestly authoritative in its statements of fact, masterly in its criticism of plays and exposition of Shakespearean characters, sane and vigorous in its attitude toward modern stage tendencies, and continuously interesting as reminiscent narrative. Many readers will be unable to concede to Mansfield the intellectual and histrionic preëminence which Mr. Winter would confer upon him, but few will dispute the positive value of his achievements or the rare quality of the intelligence, the endurance, and the ambition that enabled him to triumph over the most formidable obstacles.

He was an uncommon personality and a striking example of hereditary influences and the effects of early training. Into the minor details of his childhood, of which not much is certainly known, it is not necessary to go. His mother, Erminia Rudersdorff, one of the noblest singers of her day, was a woman of eccentric character, imperious temper, and unaccountable moods. Her husband, Maurice Mansfield, who died young, was an accomplished violinist and musical critic, and her father was a conductor of eminence. From the first, therefore, Richard existed in a musical and artistic environment; but his family was migratory, and his life one of vicissitude. According to his own account he was subjected to negligent and sometimes cruel treatment by which his nature was warped and embittered. Referring in later life to these experiences he declared that there were times when he felt the world so antagonistic that if he could have overthrown the pillars of the universe he would have done it. His education was acquired in the intervals of European travel and at school in Derby, England, a place of which he always cherished tender recollections. He learned to speak French and German, to paint and draw a little, and to play the piano and sing excellently well. In the early seventies his mother brought him to this country and for four or five years he lived in the neighborhood of Boston, then an important theatrical centre, where he formed associations and developed tastes which led him irresistibly toward the stage. With his mother he was constantly at odds, and in 1877 he left her to seek his fortune in London. There he was often put to strange shifts to keep body and soul together, but his confidence in his star never wavered. His pluck and tenacity of purpose were admirable, and, at last, he established a reputation in operettas, for which he had special qualifications. His career, indeed, then seemed to lie in that direction, but, returning to New York, he ultimately joined the Union Square Theatre Company, and by a lucky chance obtained the part of Baron Chevrial, in "A Parisian Romance" (1883), which enabled him to put his foot upon the first rung of that dramatic ladder which he was to climb so successfully.

That night of victory still lives in the memory of all old playgoers. His performance, considering his youth and comparative inexperience, can only be called extraordinary. Diabolical egotism, remorseless cynicism, and loathsome senile depravity have rarely been depicted upon the stage more vividly, or with more consummate finish. In later years, this impersonation was much weakened by elaborated and exaggerated artifice, but it was always powerful, and no student of his career can fail to note that in tragedy or semi-tragedy all his later successes were won in the portrayal of passions proceeding from a malign or cankered will rather than the ruder, primary impulses of nature. His acting always suggested the calculation of intellectual design—not always realized—rather than the promptings of spontaneous feeling, and this is why, in deeply emotional characters, he seldom created illusion, though he often compelled admiration. He never mastered the language of the primeval emotions which are the foundation of all great tragedy. It may have been some dim perception of this fact, or instinct, that led him to select for his most serious efforts such characters as Hyde (a hideous perversion of Stevenson's ideal), Shylock, Richard III, Rodion, Humphrey Logan, Ivan the Terrible, Nero, and Napoleon. Intellectually, doubtless—for he was an exceedingly clever man—he could have comprehended Lear, Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth, but he could never have expressed the essential humanity in them. Romeo, Orlando, or Hotspur would have been sealed books to him. The sympathetic human side of Henry V eluded him utterly, while of Brutus he discerned only the brains and the purpose, not the man.

It was in the lighter eccentric characters of his repertory, in which his natural manner (of which he could never divest himself), his airy, insolent, or mordant humor; his observation and his mimetic power came into play, that he was at his best as an actor. Among them may be mentioned his Prince Karl, Beaucaire, Brummell, Don Juan, Captain Bluntschli, and Dick Dudgeon. His Cyrano de Bergerac was chivalrous, authoritative, vivacious, devoted, and, at the last, pathetic, but lacking in variety of mood and romantic flavor. Here, too, he failed to strike the deepest note. But Cyrano could only be acted perfectly by an actor possessing the combined faculties of Fechter and Coquelin. In his skeletonized version of "Peer Gynt" he did little more, as Mr. Winter suggests, than illustrate his own moods, vagaries egotism, cynicism, and unconventionality. Doubtless that particular performance derived its chief interest from his dominant individuality, but this ever obtrusive "self" of his proved a sad stumbling-block in other impersonations. Mr. Winter argues that the potent individuality and brain of a great actor must inevitably reveal themselves in certain peculiarities of method and manner, and this is doubtless true of all actors, but not at all times. The mannerisms of Irving, for instance, were many and distressful, but he was a threefold personality in Matthias, Louis XI, and Malvolio. The late W. J. Florence could, on occasion, merge himself utterly in the assumed character. Phelps in versatility was almost a Proteus. There was nothing in the Conrad of Salvini—not even the stature—to recall that player's Othello. But certain peculiarities of gait, gesture, and facial and vocal expression were constant in Mansfield and became, indeed, the rigid and immovable boundaries of his artistic expression.

Whatever diversity of opinion there may be concerning his true rank as an actor, there can be no doubt that he was an extraordinary man, and it is the rare merit of this book, as biography, that by its full and affectionate revelation of his character it explains at once the failures and the triumphs of his career. The copious correspondence printed proves that, throughout his professional life, Mr. Winter was the actor's most intimate guide, mentor, and friend, advising and helping him in his choice and construction of plays (though the advice was not always taken), sympathizing with and encouraging him in his difficulties, and backing him with cordial critical appreciation. The service which he rendered was inestimable, and Mansfield's letters teem with fervent protestations of esteem and gratitude. They often show him in a new and very pleasing light and also reflect, as in a mirror, the strange complexities of his nature and disposition. His ambition was boundless, his self-esteem enormous, his temper alternately jovial and arrogant, his jealousy of a professional rival—Irving, for instance—fierce and unreasonable. Yet he could be capable of most generous appreciation. Sanguine in re-

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verses, indefatigable in enterprise, reckless in expenditure, he could be as infirm of purpose and as childishly querulous as the veriest weakling. Exclusive, imperious, and irritable, he wondered at his unpopularity and went through life with the conviction that he was the victim of hostile conspiracies. A law to himself, he could profit little by the experience or example of others.

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The intention of the management of the New Theatre to remodel the interior of the theatre and to discontinue the production of opera is on every account to be welcomed. In making the auditorium better adapted for dramatic purposes a much-needed improvement will be effected; but aside from this the devotion of the building, and of the enterprise, exclusively to the drama is in itself calculated to yield better results than the combination plan. The mission of the New Theatre should be, and should be known by everybody to be, the serious cultivation of dramatic merit. As yet, nothing more than a tentative and very imperfect beginning has been made by it in the carrying out of such a purpose. Opera in New York is cultivated on a grand scale and is amply appreciated; the dramatic stage, on the other hand, is in a very bad way, and the public taste for the drama is in an extremely backward condition. To make the New Theatre a real theatrical centre, a place where plays worth seeing are given by competent and highly-trained actors every night in the week, would be to do New York and the country an invaluable service.

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# Music.

*American Primitive Music.* By Frederick R. Burton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $5 net.

Many readers of this valuable book will be surprised to hear that the first serious effort to learn and state the truth with regard to Indian music was made by a German student, not more than thirty years ago. Theodore Baker chose this subject as the thesis for his doctor's degree at Leipzig. He spent some time in the Seneca reservation and at the Carlisle government school, and his conclusions, published in a small German volume, gave evidence of skilful observation and ability to draw sound conclusions; but they attracted little attention. Some years later Miss Alice C. Fletcher of the Peabody Museum at Harvard began to publish the results of her studies of Omaha and other Indian music, aided, in part, by John C. Fillmore. Among others who provided material were Miss Natalie Curtis, Arthur Farwell, Benjamin Ives Gilman, and Franz Boas.

Mr. Burton, who died soon after completing the manuscript of this book, gives in its first chapter a brief history of the various attempts to understand and reproduce the music of North American Indians, and adds to this nine chapters giving the results of his own researches, chiefly among the Ojibways, in the region north of Lakes Huron and Superior. He was exceptionally well qualified for such work, being a musical scholar and a composer, as well as a student of science (for a time he was employed as musical expert in the ethnological departments of the American Museum of Natural History in New York). He displays critical acumen in combating the views of Mr. Gilman and others that the Indians use scales with quarter tones or even smaller intervals, for the registering of which Mr. Gilman constructed an ingenious device representing graphically deviations from diatonic intervals to the one-fourteenth part of a tone. In Mr. Burton's opinion, the Indians, instead of having scales of their own, are simply singing out of tune. There are plenty of white individuals and choruses of men and women whose singing shows deviations from the pitch that would keep busy that instrument for measuring deviations to the one-fourteenth of a tone. Among the Ojibways Mr. Burton found that those who missed the pitch were not a larger class than the palefaces who annoy chorus conductors by a tendency to flat; and their deviations from pitch were not consistent. He concluded, therefore, that the faulty intonation of the Ojibway is an individual error, and not a racial peculiarity.

With the same acumen the author demolishes the notions that the primitive red man has developed rhythm to a plane higher than that attained by civilization, and that he has a conception of rhythm wholly at variance with ours. On the contrary, Mr. Burton maintains that the puzzling phenomena of Indian rhythm indicate not the red man's superiority, but his inferiority; that his disturbing performances in so-called irregular and conflicting rhythms are but "manifestations of a helpless groping for the truth which, rhythmically speaking, is order and regularity, and simplicity." The twenty-three pages devoted to the proof of this assertion make an admirable chapter in musical æsthetics and give vivid glimpses of the red man's way of drumming and singing.

It was by no means easy to get at the facts in these cases. The Indians distrusted their visitor at first. The white man has taken away from us, they said, everything we possessed except our songs, "and now you come and would take away those, too." Finally, he persuaded them that even if he took them away, they would still have them; so they gave him their confidence. Observing their habits, he came to the conclusions that music enters more intimately into the lives of Indians than it does into the lives of any white nation, being to the red man a feature of daily, homely use and necessity; and that the Ojibways surpass all other Indians in their music. Personally he was particularly interested in this red music from the point of view of its availability by the white composers. MacDowell had written a suite based on Indian melodies, but had not repeated the experiment. If he was not satisfied with his venture, that may have been due to the fact that "the raw material available to him was far from being as suggestive and interesting as much that has been uncovered since."

Acknowledging what Farwell, Harvey Worthington Loomis, and others have done in the way of utilizing Indian themes, Mr. Burton urges American composers in general to follow this path; he believes that the foreign conductors who preside over our symphony orchestras would be more likely to accept compositions by Americans, if they had in them drops of the red man's blood—which may be doubted. He himself wrote half a dozen or more specimens of semi-Ojibway music for "Hiawatha," when that play was brought to our cities. One of the numbers, the finale, is printed in the present volume. It also includes the melodies of many Ojibway songs, together with the words and the story, or explanation of them. In addition to these, there are a number of songs here, as harmonized by Mr. Burton. He does not deny that, inasmuch as Indians have no harmony in their music, such a decking out of their melodies with the devices of civilization is a misrepresentation; but he argues that, since we whites cannot grasp the whole beauty of a melody unless we hear it with appropriate harmony, it is necessary to harmonize the Indian tunes to do them justice. Unless we do this, they will not be sung. "My Bark Canoe," for instance, simply as a melody would have interested a few students, whereas in its harmonized form it is now sung in thousands of homes and even in the public schools.

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The American Music Society, founded last year under the presidency of Arthur Farwell, now numbers fourteen local centres, from New York to San Francisco. The New York centre, with 117 members, is at present the largest and most active.

Joseph Holbrooke is the English Richard Strauss. The orchestra he used at a recent London concert devoted to his own works included, beside the more usual instruments, five saxophones, oboe d'amore, corno di bassetto, flügel horns, eight concertinas, four harps, bass flutes, saxhorns, bass trumpets, and tubaphones.

At a recent auction sale in Florence a number of things that had belonged to Paganini were sold, among them two violin concertos and more than a hundred unpublished pieces which no one had ever been permitted to see. These brought $3,700. A Nicolò Amati violoncello of 1734, valued at $5,000, was knocked down for $1,160, and $80 was paid for a diminutive fiddle on which Paganini had begun his lessons.

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# Art.

## THE PASSING OF THE NEW GALLERY.

LONDON, February 8.

The New Gallery closes this week and, with it, a most interesting chapter in the history of English art. It opened at a moment when art was at the height of its popularity in England and to go to picture galleries was in fashion; it reaped the harvest sown at the Grosvenor, profiting by the sequel to Pre-Raphaelitism when Burne-Jones and Watts enjoyed a vogue that has come to no English artist since; its winter exhibitions, illustrating certain historic periods, were the most important and complete of the kind ever organized in England, so that nobody who saw them can forget the Tudor, Stuart, or Guelf collections or the series representative of certain Italian schools; it sheltered the Arts and Crafts Society from the beginning, and the two have been so closely connected that it is impossible to think of one without the other; it became the headquarters where the International Society, the most vigorous of recent years, arranged not only its own but the Whistler Exhibition, the most successful in every way ever given there, and I might almost say in London. In a word, the New Gallery has been intimately associated with many of the most distinguished artists and almost all the principal movements of the last quarter of a century. And yet to-day, so indifferent is the public, and so slack the artists, that it has been impossible to save it from its fate, badly off as everybody knows London is for galleries. In most countries, in most cities, even in the provincial towns of England, the state or municipal authorities provide some sort of exhibition rooms for artists. But in London there is nothing of the kind—for the Guildhall Galleries are devoted to retrospective and special exhibitions only—and this is one reason why the Academy maintains its hold and remains all-powerful. The calmness with which the New Gallery is allowed to disappear would, under these circumstances, be the more astounding were it not that at the present moment art in this country seems to have returned to its early Victorian stagnation, before Pre-Raphaelitism succeeded in stirring it into some show of life.

As it happens, curiously, the last exhibition to be held in it is given by the Arts and Crafts Society, which began its career there, and which, like the Gallery, was a direct outcome of the Mid-Victorian activity. The Arts and Crafts is, to all appearances, still a flourishing society, and there is no sign of its coming to an end with the Gallery. But it can hardly be said to have escaped the depressing influences of the day. Its first exhibition was given in 1888. Pre-Raphaelitism had gone; the absurd "æsthetic" pose of the "seventies" was on the wane; and nothing was left to show for the Mid-Victorian revolt save the Arts and Crafts, with William Morris at its head. There was a good deal of affectation in the movement, a good deal of self-consciousness, a good deal of deliberate copying of old models that had no relation to the present and its needs—a good deal of what was then laughed at as neo-Gothicism. But there was also much that was genuine and sincere, much honest, good work. Decoration was still floundering in the Victorian abyss, when from William Morris, its champion, came an energy, an enthusiasm, that carried his followers away with him. His enthusiasm was his strength and made him the influence he unquestionably became in his generation. Whatever else the society might be, it was alive. Its exhibitions at the start were interesting, suggestive, provoking. They forced the critic in his turn into enthusiasm of praise or blame. And often earlier work also was included: the illustrations that made the "sixties" famous, the first paintings of the leaders of the whole movement, their first attempts in decoration, and their first designs for furniture. I look back to the press views then as events of importance, emotional occasions, even. Feeling ran high among the admirers of the neo-Gothic school, among its enemies, among the exhibitors themselves. I remember one craftsman being roused to such a pitch of excitement as to warn a critic that he was lying in wait, armed with a big stick. Foolish, it may be, but the folly was born of excess of interest, which is an admirable fault.

How much is left of this enthusiasm to-day for the ninth exhibition? The Arts and Crafts Society has less drain upon it than others, less reason to exhaust its resources. With a restraint that I wish all groups of artists might follow, it has held its exhibitions only once in every three years. There need be no haste, therefore, among its members, as among painters who are spurred on to overproduction by the necessity of being represented every year not only in one, but in several galleries. Craftsmen have the leisure to think, to carry out large schemes. They can choose from work done; they need show only their best. Hence it is but right to look to them for a higher level of conception and accomplishment. This year, however, it has been looked for in vain. I have not the old catalogues by me, but I am sure that the exhibitors and their exhibits have increased in number. There are many more to show, many more things shown. But this is the only advance, the only development, and throughout, the old enthusiasm is missing. Carpets are few, and the most important tapestry comes from the firm of Morris. Crétonnes and wallpapers seem little better than reëchoes, for the truth is that Morris, prophet of the school, carried pattern to such an extreme that there is a reaction against it, and simplicity is taking its place. People are finding out that white or simply tinted walls are more restful than great sprawling, or small diapered, designs spreading from floor to ceiling. Not much furniture has been sent; but at least the pieces to be seen may boast the negative merit of not attracting attention by eccentricity or grotesqueness. *L'art nouveau*, that had its roots in the Arts and Crafts, though never of such luxuriant growth here as on the Continent, has vanished. The cartoons for mural decoration and stained glass are not remarkable, the years not having brought assurance, or cunning, or distinction to the hand of the craftsman. I saw none that in so general a notice deserves special mention except two large cartoons for frescoes by Mary Sargent Florence. Her figures, in their pose and dress and type, have more than a touch of the primitiveness always encouraged by the Arts and Crafts; but then they are well and decoratively placed and grouped. She has the right respect for line, and she reveals true feeling for the value of simple spaces. Her designs would really decorate a wall, not merely overload it with intricate or tedious ornament. Good glass, fairly good pottery, excellent iron work, an assortment of laces and embroideries, all have a place. But it is in the sections of jewelry and book decoration that the exhibits are most numerous, probably because in no other branch of the decorative arts is it so easy, with such comparatively light work, to attain an effect of proficiency.

"Artistic" jewelry, as it is called, has become very much the fashion of late years, and has been so horribly overdone that I confess my prejudice against it disposes me to look upon every bit of enamel or mother of pearl dangling from a chain, or set into a buckle, as an offence. A few artists have done and still do fine work—Harry Wilson, Alexander Fisher, Paul Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, and one or two besides. But no sooner had they prepared the way than a whole host of imitators or disciples, chiefly young women, as you may see by the catalogue, rushed in, and now case after case is filled with jewelry that is neither frankly barbaric, nor as exquisitely finished as the conditions of so delicate an art demand, once it has emancipated itself from barbarism. Much the same may be said of all the arts pertaining to the book. After Douglas Cockerell, Cobden-Sanderson, and Miss Prideaux, bookbinders have multiplied by the dozen; but, while they have learned their trade and cultivated a sense of appreciation and

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adaptability, their originality is still far to seek—if, indeed, so limited an art allows of much originality. One new press after another is started to explain to the ignorant what printing should be, but I, at any rate, return with renewed pleasure to the work of such purely commercial firms as the Constables in Edinburgh, the Chiswick and Ballantyne Presses in London. Pissarro and other artists have produced charming books for the collector and the amateur, but they are hardly the legitimate development of the art for our own time and needs. William Morris, as a relaxation (for he seems never to have been happy when he was not working), played the scribe and illuminated MSS. Now scribes and illuminators of much technical accomplishment are cropping up on every side, though the crafts they practise belong to generations and to a phase of civilization long since dead. Walter Crane preached decorative illustration, and illustrators by the hundreds carry on the convention. There are exceptions, of course; and I could point to work worth mention and description were I criticising the exhibition in detail. But I am now concerned only with tendencies, and it seems to me that at the Arts and Crafts, as in too many exhibitions of the day, one is conscious of stagnation, of a want of originality, or of even a striving after it. The younger generation is content to copy what has won immediate and financial success. The swarms of artists and craftsmen turned out by the art schools all over the country must find some occupation, and perhaps it is because many would be so much more in place behind a counter, that their work has an air almost of amateurishness.

Walter Crane, president of the society, is evidently conscious that something is wrong. In his introduction to this year's catalogue he rather congratulates the society for having maintained its position, but he also suggests that only by the public's or the state's provision of a gallery for Arts and Crafts exhibitions will "a living tradition in design and craftsmanship" be restored. A gallery such as is supplied to artists in France and almost every European country would be a help no doubt. Artists in London are more than a little nervous about the future with only the Academy, the dealers' shops, one or two private societies' galleries, and the Grafton, which has had a chequered career, to show in. But the failure of the public to support so centrally situated, well-constructed and arranged a gallery as the New suggests that the evil goes deeper than simply the need of rooms to exhibit in. One William Morris accomplished far more than a country full of South Kensington schools, and the artist cannot shift all his responsibilities upon the public or the state. N. N.

## A NEW WORK FOR MUSEUMS.

The Boston Museum of the Fine Arts has inaugurated a new service, that of registering all works of art in the locality, which might well be adopted by museums of all kinds. Like most new ideas, this is a simple and obvious extension of the usual duties of a museum. To keeping and showing objects it merely adds keeping and diffusing information about similar objects.

In a city like Boston such a service is peculiarly called for. It is historic ground. Libraries, hospitals, even commercial and financial directorates, are very likely to have accumulated portraits, some of quality, and other objects of art. Many old buildings of a certain architectural interest are demolished every year. A photographic record of these structures would be of evident value to the future historian of our culture and art. Increasingly our modern buildings have artistic interest, and it is desirable not merely that they should be noted for the use of the traveller and student, but also that their better features should be photographed and the names of their designers preserved. Unless there is somebody alert to this need the facts even of remarkable enterprises may be obscured or lost. Benjamin Ives Gilman, secretary of the Boston Art Museum, pointed out in an address last year, to the American Association of Museums, that our record of the Albany decorations by William Hunt is sadly incomplete. It was the first serious attempt at monumental decoration by a competent American artist. It heralded a new development in our artistic activities. Through the bad construction of the ceiling, the work promptly perished, and except for the scant evidence of Hunt's drawings and for wholly inadequate photographs, that interesting chapter of American art can never be illustrated.

Naturally, the information bureau of a museum would concentrate primarily upon national, State, municipal, and corporate works of art within its territory; but a very useful feature of the work would also be the registration of works of art in private possession. In cases where the city has fully listed public works of art, as New York has done through the Art Commission, the labors of the museum would be so much the lighter. In recording private possessions, nothing could be done without the consent and good will of individual collectors; but when it appeared that the purpose of such registration was simply that of record and not that of criticism, the necessary consents would surely be forthcoming. In Europe such work is systematically carried on under the Ministry of Fine Arts. As in so many other cases among us, private enterprise and loyalty must effect what elsewhere is done by official sanction.

Such a list as we have imagined would serve no merely academic purpose. It would be immensely valuable to students, but it should also encourage visiting of local objects of artistic interest, pride in them, and ultimately a greater care for their maintenance. This centralized information would be a resource for all manner of local organizations—school leagues, societies of scenic, historic, or artistic scope—all bodies, in short, that are concerned with the seemliness of the land. That these proposed inventories are desirable nobody will, we think, question. Are they practicable? remains a fair challenge. As to this point, Mr. Gilman shows that such work fits in with the clerical activities of every museum, and involves a quite negligible increase in labor and expense. On the side of the public, the Boston Museum has found the readiest response to its appeals for information. Harvard University, the Society of Architects, the Catholic Archbishop O'Connell, Bishop Lawrence of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and other men of light and leading have promised their personal and official support. In short, there is every indication that the good will of our communities will meet the initiative of the museums half-way. We merely need to extend our notion of a museum as a repository to include all information relevant to museum aims.

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In a recent number of the *Cicerone*, a Berlin art journal, Dr. Bode admits that the now celebrated wax bust of "Flora," bought by him in England as a work of Leonardo da Vinci, may be spurious.

John Macallan Swan, R.A., died in London on February 15 at the age of sixty-three years He had studied under Gérôme, Bastien-Lepage, Dagnon-Bouvert, and Frémiet, and had been awarded medals for his work exhibited in Paris and Munich. Some of his works are Orpheus, The Prodigal Son, Lioness Defending Her Cubs, and Polar Bear Swimming.

Henry Ulke, sometimes called the "Painter of Presidents," died in Washington on February 17 at the age of eighty-nine. One of his best-known portraits is that of President Grant, which now hangs in the long gallery of the White House. He had also painted portraits of Secretaries Sumner, Chase, and Stanton of Lincoln's Cabinet; James G. Blaine, John G. Carlisle, and John Sherman. He was born in Frankenstein, Germany, and came to this country in 1849.

# Finance.

## PROPHETS OF REACTION.

Two weeks ago, President Earling of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul startled Wall Street a bit by saying:

I have just learned that the West is cancelling orders. Merchants who have right along been buying in large quantities are slowing up on their commitments, and those who have ordered shipments of manufactured goods for delivery during the

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spring are countermanding them. A business recession may be on the way, and it may not, but certainly no favorable construction can be placed upon the fact of cancelled orders.

On Wednesday of last week, President Reynolds of the Continental Bank of Chicago added this:

I think there are indications of a business reaction in the West. It has not gone far, and there is nothing whatever to cause alarm. I see, however, a lessening in business activity, and a tendency to await developments before making new commitments.

These statements or predictions were not left unchallenged. James J. Hill on Monday of last week, summing up his own observations, said: "I have seen no evidence of business being on the wane." President Hughitt of the Chicago and Northwestern added to this, on Tuesday:

If there has been any cancellation of orders, it has not come under my observation. Business is good and the prospects for the future are bright.

And, finally, on Wednesday, the *Iron Age*, reviewing the iron market, said:

In the iron trade there is thus far no evidence of cancellation of orders, nor, except as railroad blockades have been responsible for delays, has there been any appreciable holding back of shipments. Not in many years have snows and severe cold interfered so seriously with transportation. This and the slowing of the buying pace that was so rampant four months ago are temporary causes.

Now, the man who listened to this series of deliverances judged them according to his temperament. He might pooh-pooh the whole discussion. He might—and this was more likely—say that a 20-point break on the Stock Exchange ought traditionally to have foreshadowed something unfavorable elsewhere. Even if he dismissed that inference, he would possibly suggest that when specialists are feeling the pulse of trade with such sudden assiduity, they must suspect something.

People with a taste for precedent and reminiscence remarked that past experience has produced a number of instances where, in the second year after a great financial panic, business recovery went ahead so rapidly that it was found necessary, in the next year, to slow up. Of this the classic case in point was 1895. In support of this view of the case, they pointed out the recent abnormal expansion of our import trade, the shrinkage of our exports, and the outcry from consumers against exorbitant cost of living, as being, each in its special field, a series of indications that supply and demand have got out of joint.

It will certainly be worth while to inquire just what force there really is in the various popular arguments summarized above. The argument, from the stock market to general trade, is familiar. Wall Street has often been a trustworthy guide. But even if the course of stocks is a guide to the general character of the subsequent industrial phenomena, it is by no means as safe a guide to the scope and magnitude of those phenomena. In 1903, it was; in 1901 it certainly was not. There was no such outright collapse in general industry, after the 9th of May, 1901, as occurred on that day in the Stock Exchange. "Black Friday," in 1869, was a day of panic in the Gold Room; unsettled industrial conditions followed, but no industrial collapse. The reason was, on both occasions, that the excessive disorder on the Wall Street markets resulted from conditions wholly peculiar to the institutions where speculation came to grief.

To some extent, disquietude over the fact of the consultation of the specialists may be regarded similarly. The doctors rush to seize the pulse of general industry, because they think that the heavy break in stocks must betide industrial disorder. Yet it may be possible that the pulse which ought to have engaged their attention was the pulse of the Stock Exchange itself.

The precedent of 1895 is extremely interesting. Sudden revival; active buying of merchandise; prediction of another "boom time"; spectacular rise in stocks, with Europe's capital enlisted; iron production surpassing all monthly records—these things were witnessed in the second year after 1893, as in the second year after 1907. Along with them, in the earlier as in the later year, came piling up of domestic stocks of merchandise; "rush orders" to Europe which raised our monthly imports above the export total; loss of our export trade to foreign competitors, because of our obstinate high prices; unseasonable movement of foreign exchange against New York, and heavy export of gold at a time when we should have been importing.

Granting all this analogy, what should be the outcome? Readjustment of prices, will be the common answer. The Stock Exchange itself showed this at least—that when its own prices had been raised so high that real buyers turned away, leaving holders of stocks tied up in the money market, there was nothing left but for prices to come down. It may be so in certain industries. To what extent such readjustment, supposing it to come, would upset or interfere with a season's plans for trade, is doubtless a debatable question. It could not be wholly without effect on industrial activity; but it is always open to question whether a fall in prices, in any market which has deadlocked itself through fixing them too high, is not the shortest road to genuine trade activity. The problem is, to find in what industrial markets the artificial conditions have prevailed, and in what they have not.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, E. G. Manual Training for Common Schools. Scribner. $1 net.
Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vols. 52-2, 55-2, 59-5, 69-1, 70. Cambridge.
Atherton, G. Tower of Ivory. Macmillan. $1.50.
Bain, F. W. A Mine of Faults. Translated from the Original Manuscript. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Bass, E. C. Miss Marshall's Boys.
Bindloss, H. Thurston of Orchard Valley. Stokes.

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Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book, No. 8, 1909.
Carpenter, W. B. Popular History of the Church of England. Dutton. $1.50 net.
"Dash, P. R." The Cook-Ed-Up Peary-Odd-Ical Dictionary. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co. 60 cents net.
De Leon, T. C. Crag-Nest. Dillingham Co.
Dresser, H. W. A Message to the Well. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Dudeney, Mrs. H. The Shoulder-Knot. Cassell.
Eastman, E. G. Little Brother O'Dreams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Emerson, F. V. Manual of Physical Geography. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Emerson's Wisdom. Extracts from prose and verse, selected and arranged by W. B. Parker. Brentano's.
Forsyth, P. T. The Person and Places of Jesus Christ. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Gammans, H. W. The Broken Statue, de Fontange. Dayton, Va.: Ruebush-Elkins Co. 40 cents.
Godoy, J. F. Porfirio Diaz. Putnam. $2.
Grafton, C. C. A Journey Godward. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $2.50.
Gummere, A. M. The Quaker in the Forum. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50 net.
Harrod, S. G. Latin Terms of Endearment and of Family Relationship. Princeton: University Library. 75 cents.
Haynes, G. H. Charles Sumner. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Hill, L. The Two Great Questions: The Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul. Chicago: C. I. Cobb. $2.
Huntington, H. An Apprentice to Truth. Putnam. $1.50.
Kauffman, R. W. What is Socialism? Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Key, E. The Education of the Child. Putnam. 75 cents net.
King, I. The Development of Religion. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Kirkham, S. D. Resources: An Interpretation of the Well-Rounded Life. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Kullmer, C. J. Possneck und Hermann und Dorothea. Heidelberg, Germany: Carl Winter.
La Fontaine. Fables. Preface by J. Claretie. Putnam.
MacDermott, G. M. The Gospel According to St. Mark. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 35 cents.
Machen, A. W. A Treatise on the Federal Corporation Tax Law of 1909. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Magie, D. Life of Garret Augustus Hobart. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Moffatt, J. Paul and Paulinism. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.
Musset, A. de. Lettres d'amour à Aimée d'Alton. Lemcke & Buechner.
Orage, A. R. Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism. Chicago: McClurg & Co. 75 cents.
Payne, W. The Losing Game. Dillingham Co.
Phillips, I. N. Lincoln. Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.
Pittman, H. D. Go Forth and Find. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Poor, C. L. Nautical Science. Putnam. $2 net.
Read, O. Tom and the Squatter's Son. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents.
Roberts, C. G. D. Kings in Exile. Macmillan. $1.50.
Roth, R. Ein Nordischer Held. Edited, with exercises, etc., by H. H. Boll. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Ruediger, W. C. The Principles of Education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare First Folio Edition. Edited, etc., by C. Porter and H. A. Clarke. 3 vols. Pericles, Prince of Tyre; Tragedie of Cymbeline; Troylus and Cressida. Crowell.
Shakespeare's Wisdom. Extracts from prose and verse, selected and arranged by H. C. Greene. Brentano's.
Smith, D. E. Rara Arithmetica. Boston: Ginn & Co. $5.50 net.
Solis-Cohen, M. The Family Health. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Sparrow, M. D. Hereford. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Stelzle, C. The Church and Labor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Stoddard, W. L. The Life of William Shakespeare, Expurgated. Boston: W. A. Butterfield. $1.25 net.
Swan, K. R. Patents, Designs and Trade Marks. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Taylor, Mrs. C. T. A Daughter of the Manse. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50.
Tucker, W. J. Public Mindedness. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.
Van Dyke, H. The Spirit of America. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Welsford, J. W. The Strength of England. Longmans, Green.
Whitmer, T. Carl. Symbolisms. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Wilde, Oscar. The Soul of Man Under Socialism. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.
Winter, W. Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. Moffat, Yard. $6.
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